

REVIEWS OF BOOKS (Continued).

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
Count Carlo Gozzi, The Memoirs of (John Addington Symonds)	98	Gabrielle d'Estrées, Marquise de Monceaux	323	L'Avenir de la Science. (Ernest Renan)	573
Court Life Under the Plantagenets. (Hubert Hall)	351	Garden of Dreams, A (Louise Chandler Moulton)	212	Law of Property, An Outline of the (T. Raleigh)	632
Cromwell, Oliver, The Protector. (F. D. Palgrave)	490	Glances at Great and Little Men. ("Paladin")	547	Lawton Girl, The (H. Frederic)	465
Cumberland, A History of (Richard S. Ferguson)	515	Glen Athole. (Cyril Grey)	268	Leaves of a Life. (Montagu Williams, Q.C.)	210
Dalhousie, The Marquis of (Sir W. W. Hunter— <i>Rulers of India</i> Series) ...	404	Golf. (H. G. Hutchinson— <i>Badminton Library</i>)	436	Le Centenaire de 1789 (Georges Guérault)	712
Daniele Cortis. (A. Fogazzarro, tr. S. L. Simeon)	324	Gospels, The Composition of the Four (Rev. A. Wright)	658	Les Régions Fortifiées. (Lieut.-Genl. Brialmont)	376
Davis (Thomas), Prose Writings of (T. W. Rolleston), and National and Historical Ballads, &c. by Thomas Davis	186	Gospels, The First Three (Prof. Estlin Carpenter)	658	L'État Moderne et ses Fonctions. (Paul Leroy-Beaulieu)	378
Dawn of Death, The (Luscombe Searelle)	212	Gospels, The Historic Relations of the (Rev. J. J. Halcombe)	658	Looking Forward. (Ismar Thiesen) ...	324
Defoe's "Compleat English Gentleman." (Dr. Karl D. Btlbring)	602	Gothic Architecture. (C. H. Moore) ...	687	Lord Allanroe. (B. E. T. A.)	296
De Quincey, Collected Writings of (Prof. Masson)	184	Greece, A History of (C. W. C. Oman)...	685	Lothair's Children. (H. R. H.)	435
De Quincey, Thomas, The Uncollected Writings of (J. Hogg)	464	Growth of English Industry and Commerce, The (Dr. W. Cunningham)	266	Louis the Eleventh: a Drama. (John Arthur Coupland)	212
Derby, Earl of, The Life of the (T. E. Kebbel— <i>Statesmen</i> Series)	265	Hatfield Manuscripts: Part III.	629	Love's Loyalty. (Cecil Clarke)	633
Deutsche Geschichte im Zeiträume der Gründung des Preussischen Königthums. (H. von Zwiedenick-Südenhorst)	656	Heine as Novelist and Dramatist. (R. McLintock)	629	Lux Mundi. (Charles Gore, &c)	17
Dick Chichester. (E. M. Roach)	130	Heriots, The (Sir H. Cunningham) ...	409	Macdonell, James, Journalist. (W. Robertson Nicoll)	23
Dictionary, New English (J. A. H. Murray)	100	Herodotus, The History of (G. C. Macaulay)	433	Magazines and Reviews, The 159, 269, 381, 632	
Dinna Forget. (John Strange Winter) ...	633	Hiuen-tsiang, The Life of (Prof. S. Beal)	266	Manchester Shirtmaker, A (John Law) ...	130
Drama, The Ancient Classical (R. G. Moulton)	350	Holy Rose, &c., The (W. Besant)	353	Man of Mark, A (Anthony Hope)	633
Economic Changes, Recent (D. A. Wells)	437	Home Ruler's Manual, The (R. Barry O'Brien)	239	Mansfield College, Oxford	320
Empire's Fall, The Eve of an (Madame Carotte)	157	House of the Wolf, The (Stanley J. Weyman)	380	Master of his Fate. (J. M. Cobban) ...	22
Encyclopædia, Chambers's. Vol. V. ...	661	Howitt, Mary (Margaret Howitt)	102	Master of the Magicians, The (Eliz. S. Phelps and H. D. Ward)	716
English Poor, The (T. Mackay)	130	Ibsen, Henrik, The Prose Dramas of (W. Archer)	379	Metropolitan Year-Book, 1890	185
Epistle to the Hebrews, The (Dr. B. F. Westcott)	236	Idols of the French Stage. (H. Sutherland Edwards)	129	Miner's Right, The (Rolf Boldrewood) ...	493
Essai sur les Données Immédiates de la Conscience. (Henri Bergson)	520	In Clover and Heather. (Wallace Bruce)	212	Miss Ludington's Sister. (E. Bellamy) ...	353
Europe, History of Modern, Vol. III. (C. A. Fyffe)	98	India: a Descriptive Poem. (H. B. W. Garrick)	212	Moral Order and Progress. (S. Alexander)	603
Evil that Men Do, The (E. Fawcett) ...	435	India, Our Viceregal Life in (Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava) ...	45	Morris, Lewis, The Works of	462
Fabian Essays in Socialism. (G. B. Shaw and others)	128	Individualism. (Wordsworth Donisthorpe)	48	Mr. Spivey's Clerk. (J. S. Fletcher)	577
Fichte, Johann Gottlieb, The Popular Works of (Dr. W. Smith). The Science of Knowledge; The Science of Life. (A. E. Kroeger)	349	Iphigenia in Delphi, &c. (R. Garnett) ...	631	My Lady Nicotine. (J. M. Barrie)	521
FIRST IMPRESSIONS:—		Irish Politics. (Thomas Raleigh)	45	Naturalist among the Head Hunters, A (C. M. Woodford)	295
24, 50, 75, 103, 131, 160, 188, 214, 242, 270, 298, 325, 354, 382, 410, 438, 465, 494, 521, 550, 578, 606, 634, 662, 690, 718		Islands of the Ægean, The (H. F. Tozer)	463	Nelson, Horatio (W. Clark Russell— <i>Heroes of the Nations</i> Series)	657
Four Georges, A History of the (Justin McCarthy, M.P.)	156	Italian Characters in the Epoch of Unification. (Countess E. Martinengo-Cesaresco)	549	New Arcadia, The, etc. (A. Mary F. Robinson)	715
Fox, Charles James, Life of (H. Otley Wakeman)	432	Jack o' Lanthorn. (C. R. Coleridge) ...	103	New Faith, The (C. T. C. James)	548
France and the Republic. (W. H. Hurlbert)	546	Jevons's Pure Logic, &c. (Prof. Adamson and Harriet A. Jevons)	713	New Prince Fortunatus, The (William Black)	213
Frances Kane's Fortune. (L. T. Meade)	605	John Clifford. (W. E. Hodgson)	435	New South Wales, History of (G. B. Barton)	375
Free Trade in Capital. (A. Egmont Hake and O. E. Wesslau)	240	Jonathan Merle. (Elizabeth B. Bayly) ...	296	New Spirit, The. (Havelock Ellis)	407
		Joshua. (G. Ebers)	380	Notes from the "News." (James Payn)...	689
		Keats' Poetry and Prose. (H. Buxton Forman)	686	Nugents of Carriconna, The (Tighe Hopkins)	380
		Kit and Kitty. (R. D. Blackmore)	465	Nyassa-land. (H. Drummond)	604
		Lady Faint-Heart. (H. B. Marriott Watson)	521	Ocean Tragedy, An (W. Clark Russell)	158
		Lamennais, La Philosophie de (Paul Janet)	545	Old Country Life. (S. Baring Gould) ...	47
		Landor's Pericles and Aspasia. (C. G. Crump)	601	Only a Sister? (W. A. Wallace)	324
		Later Roman Empire (395-800 A.D.), A History of the (J. B. Bury)	71	Organic Evolution. (Dr. G. H. Theodor Eimer)	549
				Owen, Robert, Life, Times, and Labours of (Lloyd Jones)	406
				Palestine. (Major C. R. Conder— <i>World's Great Explorers</i>)	377
				Parnell Commission, Diary of the (John Macdonald)	72
				Part of the Property. (Beatrice Whitby)	435
				Poets and People of Foreign Lands. (J. W. Crombie)	241

REVIEWS OF BOOKS (*Continued*).

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
Political Prisoners at Home and Abroad, (G. Sigerson)	239	Saint Monica, (Mrs. Bennett-Edwards)...	633	Triumph of Manhood, The (" Marie Connor")... ..	74
Pope, The, and the New Era. (W. T. Stead)	462	Schiller. (Prof. J. Minor)	375	Two Women or One? (H. Harland) ...	324
Portraits et Souvenirs Littéraires. (Hippolyte Lucas)	575	Seat of Authority in Religion, The (Dr. James Martineau)	488	United States, The (Alex. Johnston) ...	519
Pretty Radical, A (Mabel E. Wotton) ...	296	Selkirk Glaciers, Among the (W. S. Green)	572	Venise: ses Arts Décoratifs, &c. (Émile Molinier)	493
Primavera: Poems	631	Shan States, 1,000 miles on an Elephant in the (Holt S. Hallett)	73	Venetianische Depeschen vom Kaizerhofe	292
Prince Dick of Dahomey. (J. Green wood)	380	Sibirien. (G. Kennan)	297	Vérac, Le Marquis de, et ses Amis (Comte de Rougé)	687
Princess Lieven and Earl Grey, Correspondence of (Guy le Strange)	127	Southern Planter, A (Susan D. Smedes)	101	Vinet, Alexander, The Life and Writings of (Laura M. Lane)	630
Privy Council of England, Acts of the ...	519	Stanley's Emin Pasha Expedition. (A. J. Wauters)	157	Waif of the Plains, A (Bret Harte) ...	353
Problems of Greater Britain. (Right Hon. Sir Charles W. Dilke)	155, 210	Steele, Richard, The Life of (George A. Aitken)	518	Way of Transgressors. (E. Rentoul Esler)	689
Proving of Gennad, The (Landred Lewis)	631	Sylvie and Bruno. (Lewis Carroll) ...	94	When we were Boys. (W. O'Brien, M.P.)	517
Quaint London. ("Old Mortality") ...	689	Syrilin (Ouida)	465	Wild Ruthvens, The (Curtis Yorke) ...	324
Quality of Mercy, The (H. Vallings) ...	660	Talleyrand, Le Prince de, et la Maison d'Orléans. (Comtesse de Mirabeau)...	603	Winchester. (Dean Kitchin— <i>Historic Towns Series</i>)	322
Quest of Sir Bertrand, The, and other Poems. (R. H. Domenichetti) ...	631	Tavernier's Travels in India. (Dr. V. Ball)	237	With Fire and Sword. (Henryk Sienkiewicz)	660
Railway Foundling, A ("Nomad") ...	380	Tennis, &c. (<i>Badminton Library</i>) ...	717	Without Love or Licence. (Hawley Smart)	353
Rajah's Heir, The	493	Teneriffe and its Six Satellites. (Olivia M. Stone)	297	Woman of the World, A (F. Mabel Robinson)	605
Religion of the Semites. (W. Robertson Smith)	21	Testament, The Worth of the Old (Canon H. P. Liddon)	291	Wood, The Rev. J. G., his Life and Work. (Theodore Wood)	491
Ring of Amasis, The (Earl of Lytton) ...	577	Thucydides, The Fourth Book of (W. G. Rutherford)	293	Xenophon, The Works of (H. G. Dakyns)	321
Ruby. (Amye Reade)	605	Trial by Combat. (G. Neilson)	408	Yankee, A, at the Court of King Arthur. ("Mark Twain")	49
Russia. (W. R. Morfill— <i>Story of the Nations Series</i>)	294	Trials of a Country Parson, The (Dr. Jessopp)	460		
Russia, The Modern Novelists of (Charles Edward Turner)	241				

THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, JAN. 4, 1890.

PROLOGUE.

THE Sage who tells us that there is nothing new under the sun lived before the Journalistic era, or he would surely have made an exception in favour of the new newspaper.

When the first number lies in the reader's—or still better the purchaser's—hand, patiently awaiting the paper-knife, it is without doubt a novelty.

The same may indeed be said of the new book; but then it may not *have* a reader, whereas everyone glances at the last recruit of the Grand Army of the Press; is curious to see whether he is above or below the standard; and speculates upon his circulation, and even on what actuaries term his Chances of Life.

If those whom the Gods love die young, they must be fond of newspapers, for the infant mortality among them is considerable; but such as thrive, thrive prodigiously. There may be seventy years of life before this bantling; and in that case how infinitely greater will be his influence than that of any human being! To the thoughtful mind that is the reflection which makes the birth of a Journal interesting. It may die after a squall or two; but it may also survive many squalls (as it will assuredly meet with them), and become eventually a most potent voice. It will not only be the record of passing events, to which History will go for her facts, and Political Economy for her figures: the lay Lesson for the Day; the Dial on which one hand indicates the text and the other the comment; but if its aims be wide, and success attend it, it will “make knowledge circle with the winds,” and speak, trumpet-tongued, not only of Liberty “in the bounds of Law,” but not without authority in the great names of Science, Art, and Letters. To it will come the Astronomer with his new-found star; the Chemist with the latest secret wrung from unwilling Nature; the Inventor with his project; the Poet with his lay. To it the Philanthropist will confide the seed which, grown to its full stature, may be more beneficial to the world than the kindest fruit of the earth. To it the Wrong will be revealed, and thereby be already half-way to its remedy. To it the Pleader for the Poor has but to make his plaint, and Charity with lavish hand relieves them.

All this goes on long after those to whom the infant Journal owed its being

have had their names recorded in its obituary. The child “takes notice” (and a good deal of it)—runs alone, though always requiring good guidance, and becomes independent of its parents; unlike other offspring, it also makes *them* independent: for the successful Journal, like the popular author, “touches the Million” in two senses.

At the birth of every newspaper there is a good and a bad Fairy in attendance. The former says, “May you be just, may you be wise, may you be prosperous;” the latter mutters all sorts of evil things, and is very distinct with one piece of advice—“Never Apologise.”

A much better motto, which we trust will suit our offspring from youth to age, is, “Never give cause for apology.”

As we are not unconscious of the gravity of our mission, so we intend that our efforts shall be in proportion to it. It is our hope to find a welcome in the Drawing-room and the Study, in the Club and the Institute, in the Cottage, and (as Mr. Walt Whitman would observe) in the Cottage *Ornle*; everywhere and at all times, in short—save in the Waste Basket.

We shall have enemies, no doubt (for who that has truth to tell can avoid them?), but no rival, for rivalry is not our object. There is always room in the lists of Journalism for a new combatant. Nor will this be a Free Lance, ready to take either side for fear or favour, or without device upon his pennon. The name by which our new venture will be known has been given not without forethought:

THE SPEAKER.

There are two kinds of good Speakers: one who stands on the platform of Liberty and draws the listening world to favour her; the other, who holds the scales of justice in his even hands.

It will be our endeavour to unite the functions of both.

NOTES OF THE DAY.

THE difficulties attending the production of a first number are so notorious that any apology for the deficiencies which inevitably distinguish it is superfluous. We may point out, however, that to avoid accidents this first issue of *The Speaker* must be sent to press much earlier in the week than future numbers, and that consequently our “Notes of the Day” cannot be so complete as they will be on all future occasions.

MR. GLADSTONE completed his eightieth birthday on Sunday last, and an event so rare in the history of statesmen who are actually at the moment taking a leading part in public affairs, has naturally excited great interest, not only in this country but throughout Europe and America. From many different quarters congratulations were despatched to Hawarden Castle, where MR. GLADSTONE passed his birthday with his family, in the enjoyment of an amount of health and vigour which must delight his friends. Of course there have been discordant notes struck in the midst of the general harmony. Some Unionist journals cannot forgive MR. GLADSTONE his fame, and they have seized his eightieth birthday as an occasion to indulge in singularly ill-mannered jibes at the expense of himself and his friends. But speaking for Englishmen generally, the sentiment regarding MR. GLADSTONE may be expressed in the generous words once used by LORD BEACONSFIELD: “We are all proud of him.”

THERE are occasions when we confess we prefer even MR. CHAMBERLAIN as a master of good taste to the most pretentious of Unionist newspapers, and there is a passage in a certain speech of his, beginning “I sometimes think that great men are like mountains,” and dwelling upon the fact that distance—of time or space—is necessary to enable ordinary mortals to appreciate them, which may be usefully recalled at this moment. But of what use is it to dwell upon MR. GLADSTONE's greatness? Or for that matter, of what use is it to deny it? How small and poor a race ours would be if for well-nigh forty years it had allowed to any but a great man—one who was really and intrinsically great—such a position as that which MR. GLADSTONE has held amongst us during that time. Would it be a credit to any of us if we had permitted a mere charlatan to be the most powerful member of at least four of the Administrations formed during the present reign, and to exercise a sway which is almost unexampled over at least a moiety of the people of these islands? If only some of these foolish critics could project themselves to such a point in space as to enable them to take a bird's-eye view of the whole arena in which they are reckoned among the performers, how different would be their utterances, and how much more formidable we should find them as antagonists!

HERE is what our Edinburgh correspondent has to say about the birthday which excites the anger of the Unionist press:—“This day week every hill and strath of Scotland was bathed in a glow of congratulation. There were no literal bonfires on the hills, such as flashed outwards from Edinburgh on that midsummer night of

royalty two and a half years ago. But there came flowing back to the northern capital, much more than to Hawarden, innumerable testimonies, not so much of the affection as of the pride, and, above all, of the curious sense of proprietorship with which the Scotch have come to regard their octogenarian chief. Of course, blood there is thicker than water; and every drop in MR. GLADSTONE'S veins contains equally the two elements which make modern Scotland. His mother, a pure Celt, came from the valleys of Ross-shire, as her father did from the outer Hebrides. The GLADSTONES, on the other hand, were lowlanders from the moors of Lanarkshire long before they knew anything of Fasque, or Liverpool, or Oxford. But does the knowledge of this account for the whole change of relationship during the last ten years? When MR. GLADSTONE crossed the border for the campaign of 1880, he was greeted with an increasing roar of acclamation, but was then felt to be a stranger. Before he went to Manchester, a few months ago, four hundred grim delegates, from all parts of Scotland, met in Glasgow, scarcely mentioned MR. GLADSTONE'S name, did not mention Ireland at all, and worked through long columns of advanced politics, all in the interest of their own country. Yet when someone got up and proposed to put Scotch interests before MR. GLADSTONE'S Irish policy, he could not get a second. And when they had rolled up their resolutions into one lump of Radicalism, they sent them all up to their chief, with some reserve in some cases as to his co-operation, but without a doubt of his sympathy!"

SPEAKING at Derby on Tuesday, at a banquet in celebration of MR. GLADSTONE'S birthday, SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT reviewed the public life of the Liberal Leader. MR. GLADSTONE, SIR WILLIAM said, had become the Leader of the Liberal party through no accident of birth, but by virtue of his genius and worth. Oxford had deserted him in 1865 because, in his own words, he had learned elsewhere "to set due value on the inestimable principles of human liberty;" and the Whig party had deserted him since because he remained steadfast to the cause of popular freedom. For a quarter of a century his name had been associated with every great measure of reform; and his labours were not yet ended. Above all men he excelled in that youthfulness of mind and freshness of heart which never wearied of well-doing; and which constantly sought new means for promoting human progress and happiness. The works he had accomplished would live in the history of nations; and the energies which he still put forth in every good and noble cause would be the admiration of posterity as they were the marvel of our own time. The people rallied round MR. GLADSTONE in the past, and they would rally round him in the future. He was opposed by those privileged classes from whom had ever come hostility to the cause of reform; from the classes who had attacked CANNING and assailed BRIGHT. But he was full of hope and vigour, and victory would crown his labours yet. SIR WILLIAM reminded his audience that one great work still remained for MR. GLADSTONE to carry through, and he believed that the country was ready to recall him to power for its accomplishment.

THE malady of influenza which has advanced so rapidly across Europe seems beyond all question to have invaded this country, and the capital has been the first point at which it has struck. Though we do not as yet witness here such scenes as are described in Paris and other Continental towns, where hospitals are crammed, doctors worn out with over-work, and whole departments of the public service disorganised, we still have in London a sufficiency of suffering (of a rather mild but very unpleasant character) from the prevailing epidemic. Quinine in small but periodical doses seems to be the best prophylactic, and those who have resorted to it speak well of the result. Perhaps the most singular feature of the influenza is its fondness for celebrities. Abroad, it has prostrated the Czar, the German Emperor, and the French President, not to speak of a host of Ministers, Ambassadors, singers, and actors. The three most notable English sufferers, so far, have been LORD SALISBURY, LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, and MR. LABOUCHERE. But in London, at least, the question everybody asks is, "Who next?"

LORD SALISBURY will have the sympathy of his fellow-countrymen of all parties. Those who know his love of hard work, and the strain he so constantly puts upon his strength, will not feel much wonder at the fact of his having been one of the earliest English victims to the epidemic; but they will be all the more anxious to hear that he is convalescent. Moreover his illness at this moment is a public calamity. LORD SALISBURY is something more than an ordinary Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary. Whilst on questions of home policy he is largely in the hands of his Cabinet, so far as foreign affairs are concerned he is practically an absolute ruler, managing the business of his department without much thought of his colleagues. Seeing that foreign affairs at this moment are in a somewhat nasty condition, and that great tact and delicacy of treatment are above all called for by our difference with Portugal (regarding which certain Jingo prints are indulging in much spread-eagleism of a cheap sort), we cannot but hope that the Prime Minister will soon be himself again. There is no need, we hope, to follow the example of some of the Ministerial journals and to discuss the question of how LORD SALISBURY can be replaced. The Prime Minister who came into office in 1886 will, we trust, be Prime Minister when the moment arrives for taking the judgment of the country upon the acts of the present Parliament.

A PRETTY commentary upon English influence in Turkey is the statement made on the authority of the *Daily News* that, owing to the intervention of Germany, the miscreant MOUSSA BEY is likely, after all, to meet with some adequate punishment for his crimes. PRINCE BISMARCK would not have interfered in such a matter as this from sentimental or merely humanitarian reasons, and if he has taken the action ascribed to him, it must be because he scents danger in the present situation, and is in no mind to allow Russia a chance of intervening on behalf of the oppressed Armenians. But what a poor comment this is upon the "far-sightedness" of the pre-

sent foreign policy of England! It is this country which, alike by tradition and treaty, is called upon to interpose on behalf of the Armenian victims of Turkish oppression; but LORD SALISBURY has practically done nothing, with the result that he is despised by the Turks and no longer trusted by the Armenians. So far, indeed, does Turkish contempt go, that, according to the *Daily News*, the Grand Vizier has had the impertinence to demand of the English Government the suppression of that journal.

MR. SMITH'S retention of the leadership of the House of Commons, about which something has been said this week, is merely provisional. The labours of three sessions have left their mark on the right hon. gentleman, and his health is by no means good. He is now about to take a month's cruise, and all that is settled is that he will lead the House of Commons till Easter or Whitsuntide. As it is, MR. SMITH has been induced to venture on another session solely to avoid the risks of a disputed succession. As soon as his colleagues can decide who is to take his place, he will be sent to the Upper House.

"I HEAR," says a correspondent, "that the present Irish Attorney-General does not take congenially to the newest methods of Dublin Castle. MR. MADDEN is not a brilliant man; he is certainly not a strong man; and it is not certain how far he will be able to assert himself in the administration of the law. He has, however, some respect for the principles of justice and equity, and he will not readily resort to the methods and practices of his predecessor. The Chief Secretary is said to be regretting that he does not find his new law officer a compliant tool; but I doubt whether MR. MADDEN has sufficient courage to return to the best traditions of his office."

IF LORD LOTHIAN'S health compels him to resign the Scotch Secretaryship, LORD SALISBURY will be obliged to appoint another peer to the office. The fact is that the Scotch Tories cannot supply the Prime Minister with a man who is fit for the position of Scotch Minister. Outside the law officers for Scotland there is not a Scotch member on the Ministerial side of the House who is equal to anything above a Lordship-in-Waiting. The Prime Minister has a small opinion both of his Scotch and Irish Conservative supporters; and is, indeed, reported to have said that his Scotch followers are as poor in brains as they are scanty in numbers.

A GRAVE charge affecting his personal character, and having no reference to politics, has been made against MR. PARNELL. It is manifest that, pending the hearing of the suit for divorce which MR. O'SHEA has brought against his wife, and in which he has included MR. PARNELL as co-respondent, we can enter into no discussion of the merits of the case. This obvious truth does not, however, seem to have made much impression in some quarters, where an exultation which is strangely at variance with English ideas of fair-play has been exhibited over what is regarded as MR. PARNELL'S approaching discomfiture. Is it too much to ask that those who appear to be assuming his

guilt should have the decency to reserve their judgment until the charge against him has been proved? Even if they feel that the member for Cork is so far beyond the pale of ordinary humanity as to have no claim to the fair-play which Englishmen are supposed to accord even to hunted wild animals, they might show a little prudence on their own account. They would hardly like to be placed a second time in a position so humiliating as that which they occupied after the confession and flight of RICHARD PIGOTT.

THE sudden death of the Empress of Brazil is one of those tragedies in real life which powerfully affect the imaginations of men. It is true that the Empress was advanced in years and weak in body. Under ordinary circumstances, indeed, her death would have excited little notice. But it is difficult to resist the conviction that she has died a victim to the (almost) "bloodless revolution;" that she would still have been living, in fact, but for the hurried expulsion of her husband and herself from the country where they had reigned so long. For DOM PEDRO, who has accepted the rude blows of fortune with so admirable a composure and courage, but who now has to bear a calamity infinitely heavier than the loss of a throne, the deepest sympathy will be felt throughout the civilised world. Nor can it be said that the new rulers of Brazil are doing much to commend themselves at all events to European opinion. Their annulment of the decree under which they guaranteed a Civil List to the exiled Emperor, and the care which they are taking to conceal the truth as to the real state of things in Brazil itself, are by no means calculated to strengthen general confidence in the new régime.

ON the last night of the old year a fire broke out in the pauper school at Forest Gate, Essex, an institution the pupils of which are largely drawn from the London workhouses. Before efficient help could be obtained, six-and-twenty of the boys—all of whom had gone to bed in eager anticipation of a promised "treat" on New Year's Day—had perished from suffocation. The New Year could hardly have been ushered in with a more painful incident. We have, indeed, only to think of how all England would have rung with the news of the catastrophe if its scene had been Eton or Harrow instead of Forest Gate, in order to bring home to ourselves some sense of what it really means. It cannot surely mean less because the victims belonged, not to "the classes," but to the lowest stratum of "the masses."

THE last Sunday of 1889 will not soon be forgotten by those whose misfortune it was to spend that day in London. It was such a day as could not have been matched in any other city in the world. All day the darkness was greater than that which broods over far-away Hammerfest in the midst of the long arctic night. Daylight there was none, and from morn to eve some four or five millions of people had to lead an existence of gloom and misery, of actual physical suffering in many cases, and severe mental depression in all. It was "only a fog," of course, and therefore unworthy of notice on the part of those who have assumed the responsibility for our local and

national affairs. Yet, remembering how many lives every such fog costs us—remembering, too, that this death-dealing plague of darkness and foulness is distinctly preventable—we may surely ask how much longer it will be before the consciences of our rulers are touched, and an adequate effort is made to put an end to that which is not only a curse to the people of London, but a discredit to those who have undertaken to administer the government of this chief city of the globe.

THE first of the winter exhibitions opened this year has been that which deals with the Royal House of Tudor. Although it lacks something of the romance which attached to the Stuart Exhibition held in the same place—the New Gallery—last winter, it is even more full of historical interest than was that famous collection. The magnificent Holbeins, especially the drawings lent by the Queen, and now for the first time made accessible to the public, are in themselves a sufficient attraction alike to the artist, the archaeologist, and the student of history; whilst the Elizabethan plate and costume, the armour, and the documents—drawn in many cases from the rich treasures which are preserved in our older country houses—give completeness to one of the most valuable as well as most interesting exhibitions held in recent years in London.

A FOOL'S PARADISE.

AS might have been expected, the "Unionist," or rather the Coercionist newspapers have chanted a hymn of self-congratulation at the opening of the New Year. The editors of these journals have been so clever, so sagacious, so far-sighted during the last three years and a half, that they naturally find themselves compelled to remind their readers how remarkably prediction has been verified by event. For it is just possible that their readers might not have discovered the fact for themselves, and that some of these gentle objects of prophetic bounty might have imagined, if left to the exercise of their unaided faculties, that they had been conspicuously bamboozled and misled. The victims of vaticination, the dupes of the straight or rather the crooked tip, are apt to be excessively, and even unreasonably, angry. "Prophets, sir?" exclaimed a learned judge, better versed in racing than in Scripture, "I will not allow you to quote the prophets in this court. They're a rascally lot, big and little. There isn't one of them who wouldn't sell his own mother for sixpence." Counsel vainly endeavoured to point out that he was not referring to the history of the turf, or to the personages of the day. His lordship's experience was too recent and too bitter to be appeased by these subtle distinctions. We offer our sincere condolences to the innocent multitude which has been led astray by the bulk of the London Press, and which is making itself happy in a fool's paradise, apparently unconscious of the portents of doom now gathering thickly around it. The whole of the Tory and Liberal Unionist journals have insisted, ever since the Liberal defeat of 1886, that Home Rule was dead, "that Mr. Gladstone was no longer a power in the country," that Lord Salisbury and Lord Hartington between them would show the world how easily Ireland could be governed.

But how have their predictions hitherto been fulfilled? First of all they said that no coercion would be required, and that a good Local Government Bill would solve the Irish problem in a session. No local Government Bill for Ireland has ever seen the light, a permanent Coercion Act has been in force nearly three years, and the Irish problem remains exactly where it was in 1886. In August of that year Sir Michael Hicks-Beach began the course of twenty years' resolute government with a refusal to accept a Tenants' Relief Bill because it was introduced by Mr. Parnell, and because it is part of the "Unionist" creed that the leader of the Irish party knows nothing about the wants of Ireland. The results of this masterly manœuvre were two. In the first place the tenants were efficiently protected by the extra-legal operations of the Plan of Campaign. In the second place Her Majesty's Ministers had to bring in next year a far more sweeping Land Bill than Mr. Parnell's. The landlords suffered severely for the folly of their friends. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, however, was not sufficiently "resolute" for his place. He very soon found what a mistake he had made in rejecting Mr. Parnell's proposals, and he attempted to outbid the Plan of Campaign by what he ingeniously called "pressure within the law." The pressure was, in fact, neither more nor less within the law than the famous Plan itself. In other ways Sir Michael showed dangerously heretical tendencies, even venturing to hint that the army and the constabulary were the forces of the Crown, and not of the Marquess of Clanricarde. This fatal suggestion put a speedy end to the career of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach as Chief Secretary for Ireland. Once admit that the Government in Ireland ought to be impartial, and the whole fabric of Castle rule tumbles to the ground, leaving the landlords and their satellites in the position of mere private citizens. The only possibility of preserving the present state of things lies in placing magistrates, and police, and soldiers, and every department of the administration, at the absolute disposal of the "loyal minority," who are attached to England by the passion for ascendancy, and by affection for the cupboard.

Mr. Balfour saw this at once, and frankly accepted the situation. Although he proceeded on exactly opposite lines to those followed by his predecessor, his success was predicted with equal confidence, and for the same reasons. Once more the Tory Press announced that the hour had come, and that the spirit of Irish nationality was perfectly manageable, if only it were "prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law." In saying this, the London organs of Conservatism and Dissident Liberalism only echoed the voice of Belgravia, and put into literary shape the muttered imprecations of Pall Mall. But London is not England, and the West End is not London. The great centres of industry in the Midlands, in the North, and beyond the Tweed, are not affected by Mr. Balfour's social and personal gifts. Nor are they accustomed to get rid of Home Rule and justify Coercion by mere abuse of the Irish. In the early spring of 1880 Lord Beaconsfield and his colleagues feasted and made merry with their London friends in the belief that their term of office would be the term of their natural lives. In the month of April the electors went to the polling-booth and destroyed them all.

Most people in London were astounded. Few people out of London were surprised. At that time, however, the bye-elections told a far less obvious lesson than they tell now.

Since 1886 the Liberals have gained twelve seats, and their opponents one. But this is a subject which has been exhaustively treated by Mr. Gladstone, and when Mr. Gladstone deals with figures, the best thing for the rest of the world is to say ditto to Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Balfour often claims, and his friends still more often claim for him, that he has earned the gratitude of every class in Ireland, by protecting the weak and the oppressed from the tyranny of the National League. There is only one way of testing the soundness of this pretension. If it were true, Mr. Balfour could return any candidate he pleased for any Irish constituency which became vacant. There is one man who, if a few seats in North-eastern Ulster be excepted, can do this. But it is not Mr. Balfour; it is the chief of the party against which Mr. Balfour has since the beginning of 1887 relentlessly employed every provision of the ordinary law, every section of the Coercion Act, every agent of the executive, and every resident magistrate of whose amenability to discipline the Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant was satisfied. Ireland is supposed to be burning for an opportunity of emancipating itself from the thralldom of Mr. Parnell and of expressing its obligations to the beneficent rule of Mr. Balfour. Why does not Mr. Balfour insist that this passionate desire should be fulfilled? Because he does not need Lord Arthur Hill to tell him that he could no more win a seat from the Nationalists outside Derry and Belfast—if there—than he could remove the German Emperor from his throne. Mr. Balfour's latest convict has just come out of prison. He was sent there, not for the first or second time, in order that he might be degraded and humiliated in the eyes of the people who followed his guidance. He was received on his release with popular acclamations; he breakfasted with one bishop and dined with another; every Irish Nationalist thinks more of him than ever, and no Irish "Unionist" thinks less.

When Mr. Farebrother's mother was praising her son at the expense of the rival clergyman, Mr. Tyke, Mr. Farebrother retorted by asking her what she thought Tyke's mother said about him. Mrs. Farebrother's reply was feminine and maternal. "Ah, poor creature, what indeed? She says the truth to herself, depend upon it." Whether Mr. Balfour "says the truth to himself" we know no more than whether he has read "Middlemarch." But he is a clever man, and it is therefore impossible that he can believe in his much-vaunted victory. If Mr. Balfour reflects on his position at all, he probably feels like a man who is slowly reaching the end of a long and dirty road. Parliament will be dissolved before the National League, and Mr. Balfour may not remain at the Irish Office until Parliament is dissolved. There are those who say that the House of Commons has the honour of being led by Mr. Smith, because the mutual affection between Mr. Balfour and Mr. Goschen is too strong to allow of either lording it over the other. However that may be, Mr. Balfour is to be felicitated on having introduced a new principle into public life, and on having brought about a result which he never con-

templated. He is the first Irish Secretary who has breathed into official routine the spirit of pure cynicism. In the House of Commons he speaks to his brief. As an administrator, if we may vary the metaphor, he plays the cards the gods provide him. The gushing eulogies of his courage are nauseous cant. They would have been exaggerated if applied to General Gordon; as applied to an Irish Secretary who has hardly spent as many days in Ireland as he has been months in office, they are immeasurably absurd. The courage has been shown by the score of Irish members, and the hundreds of humbler patriots, who went to gaol for their principles, not by the sneering sceptic who sent them there. But Mr. Balfour has undoubtedly shown much adroitness. Since the deplorable failure of his speech on the first reading of the Coercion Bill, he has always made a presentable case in debate for the acts of his underlings and the policy of his colleagues. He has never admitted that a Nationalist was in the right, or a policeman in the wrong. His implied instructions to Dublin Castle, the inside of which he himself so seldom sees, are—"Go at the Parnellites tooth and nail; don't hesitate to shoot or to convict; strain the law as far as it will go without Pallas being able to say that you broke it; don't pack juries, but tell every Catholic to stand by; don't let witnesses go into the box if they won't swear up to the mark; keep your eye between the lines of my speeches, and I'll pull you through." Such is Mr. Balfour's policy, of which Sir Michael Hicks-Beach once said it was his duty as a Christian to think no evil. Its effect has been to make the law in Ireland hated and distrusted as no law ever was before, to consolidate the Nationalist party beyond all previous examples of consolidation, and to make Home Rule, which was a speculative probability in 1886, a practical certainty in 1890.

It is rumoured that Lord Salisbury—a shrewd electioneer if ever there was one, and served by at least one excellent Whip—feels that his prospects in the country are growing worse, and would like to take an early opportunity of appealing to the constituents. It would be a desperate game, and the Dissident Liberals will prevent him from playing it if they can. They, at least, are under no illusions. You may exaggerate a following, but you can hardly invent it, and they know that they have none. They are, moreover, becoming aware of the melancholy fact that Tory electors have no intention of voting for them, and they justly think that their best chance is to sit tight in the hope of something turning up. Lord Hartington, so the public are told by those who ought to be in his confidence, would have shown his confidence in Lord Salisbury by taking a seat in the Cabinet if he were not afraid that his constituents would show their confidence in him by electing somebody else to be member for Rossendale. Of all foolish hopes, perhaps the silliest is that which the Coercionists build upon Mr. Gladstone's death. We say nothing of its indecency. Monday's celebrations are a sufficient rebuke to that. But great as is the influence of Mr. Gladstone's transcendent abilities, powerful as is the example of his noble character, and kindling as is the splendour of his illustrious career, his opponents, if want of decency did not imply want of sense, would pray for the prolongation of his life. Pitt and Peel

inspired their followers with renewed devotion when they themselves were called away, while the triumph of the French Liberals in the autumn of 1877 was stimulated and made more complete by the fact that the liberator of the territory had just been laid in his honoured grave. May it be long before we know the full strength of Mr. Gladstone's name!

THE EUROPEAN OUTLOOK.

IT is now six-and-twenty years since the death of Frederick VII. of Denmark became the starting-point for that long series of wars, alarms of war, and preparations for war, which have distressed and disquieted Europe ever since. Compared with most of the New Years' Days that have passed since then, that by which we now stand is of good augury. From every quarter—we do not except Lisbon, for some vapouring must be pardoned to a little country, and the dispute will be settled peaceably—the signs, we are told, are reassuring. Troops are not in motion; emperors speak gently; even the French and German newspapers, the most frequent and reckless stirrers-up of strife, are for the moment pacific. Is this general persuasion of security well founded? Some may think it full of danger, because a Power that meditates mischief finds it well to begin by lulling suspicion. Let us examine the horizon to see what clouds are rising or vanishing.

The relations of France and Germany threaten no immediate collision. In France, the fall of an adventurer and a party whose game it would have been to distract the attention of the nation from domestic to foreign affairs has removed a conspicuous source of danger. The majority of the Chamber has been warned of the danger that threatens the Republic from military aspirants, and ought to be more averse than ever to embarking in a struggle, victory in which would be almost as fatal as defeat; for victory would mean the ascendancy of some successful soldier. When a charlatan like Boulanger gathered so much support, how much more might not a commander gain who had rendered real services, and won triumphs not on the parade-ground, but on the field? The French army has no doubt been much increased in strength and improved in organisation. It is now, in the opinion of French military authorities, slightly superior in infantry, and distinctly superior in artillery, to the army of Germany. But France seems no more desirous for a fight than she was. Conscious of her strength, she will not brook an affront. But a citizen army, losses in which mean sorrow and poverty in peasant homes all over the country, furnishes some guarantee against hasty action.

If the invitation to war, which has more than once within the last few years been addressed to France from St. Petersburg, were now repeated, France is no more likely to accept it unless she receives some fresh provocation from Berlin; nor does Berlin seem likely to give this provocation. There have been at least three incidents during the last five years, any one of which the Germans might have fanned into a *casus belli*, but which they treated in a way soothing to French susceptibilities. Germany, and in particular North Germany, is at present bent more on commerce than on conquest, and shrinks from that extinction

of her over-sea trade which war with a great naval power would involve.

By common consent it is between Russia and Austria that the tension is, and has latterly been, greatest. Two years ago most of the Foreign Offices of Europe were expecting a war within three months. Even now in Vienna and Pesth nearly every week brings a menacing speech or the rumour of some concentration of regiments on the Galician frontier. Still the sentiment of Vienna and Pesth is less uneasy at this moment than it was last spring or summer; and in Russia it is pretty well understood that the Czar, who has never been personally fond of soldiers or soldiering, is in no aggressive mood. Whether Russia is waiting to perfect her railway system, as some of the quidnuncs say, or to accumulate a sufficient supply of new gunpowder, as others will have it, she seems for the moment tranquil, and she is not one of those countries which can strike quickly. Those who, with more or less authorisation, act on her behalf in Bulgaria, Macedonia, and Armenia, are never at rest; but there is nothing to show that their action has been abnormally vigorous of late or looks to an immediate outbreak. On the far south-eastern frontiers of her dominions Persia is falling so surely and steadily under her dominance that violent measures are not necessary; while as to Afghanistan, if anything is attempted it will be delayed until the death of Abdurrahman lets loose the forces of anarchy. His life maintains the *status quo* on the Helmund and the Oxus, as Bismarck's life maintains it on the Vistula and the Rhine.

But although the expectation of peace for the coming year which prevails over the capitals of the Continent seems, on the whole, well founded, the favourable symptoms we have noted indicate only a postponement of strife, not the extinction of its causes. These causes are deep and strong. They are more formidable than those which so often gave rise to wars in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The ambition of monarchs or the jealousies of their favourites were transitory causes; those which threaten Europe now have been of longer growth and have more promise of permanence. Yielding to the general tendency of things, the wills of sovereigns now embody the passions and desires of the nations which they seem to lead, and the armies which they nominally command.

The Russian people have been so long possessed by the belief that they are entitled to lead and guide and control, if not actually to incorporate, all the Slavonic races, and to drive the Mussulman out of Europe, as to regard any cessation of their progress to this goal as a mere temporary pause, to be followed by more vigorous action when a suitable opportunity arises. A revolution in Serbia or Bulgaria, an insurrection in Macedonia, would create such an opportunity. Now, a revolution in Serbia may happen at any moment, may happen without any direct promptings from St. Petersburg, because the elements in Serbia are in unstable equilibrium. So the causes for an insurrection in Macedonia are never absent, nor is the propaganda of Russian agents needed to create them, because the disorders and wretchedness of the country under Turkish misgovernment are chronic. The Austrian Emperor and his military *entourage* and the Magyar Ministers who now, expressing on this point the general sentiment of their

countrymen, prescribe the international attitude of the Dual Monarchy, know all these facts, and deem the conflict inevitable. The position of the Magyars in the midst of a Slavonic population would be untenable if Russia had absorbed the Ruthenians of Galicia and established her influence over Bulgaria, Servia, Roumania. Hence the Magyars, and the Hapsburgs, who now lean on the Magyars, think their existence involved in holding Russia back within her present limits, in maintaining Austrian predominance in Servia, and keeping Bulgaria at least neutral. Being the weakest and the most internally distracted of the three Empires, Austro-Hungary feels the strain of continued preparation for war most severely, and is most likely to be driven into premature action by her fears. More than once of late years she might have taken up arms but for the restraint imposed by Germany, without whose approval she dare not move a soldier. So now, through all South-Eastern Europe, hardly an educated man can be found who does not look for a Russo-Austrian war within the next four or five years at furthest. A Western observer thinks that as the tension has lasted so long already, it may last still longer; but he sees that the passions and the interests, real or supposed, which lead to war, do not lose in intensity: and he therefore concludes that that which may happen at any time will happen some time before long. We have spoken of Germany as a restraining power. This she has been, this she probably means to continue. But it must be remembered that the feeling of sullen dislike between Germans and Russians, discernible for many years past, has grown apace of late. Among the Russians it rests partly on a feeling of personal jealousy on the part of native-born officers and civil servants towards those who, while only half Russian, absorb many of the best posts, partly on an idea that Germany as a State is the only real rival of Russia, the only obstacle to her progress. Among the Germans it springs from the belief that Germans are ill-treated in the Baltic provinces of Russia, and that this is part of a deliberate plan to root out the German speech and habits and religion; nor has the ostentatious friendliness of the French to Russia failed to deepen these feelings. In both Germans and Russians there is a race-antagonism similar to, but stronger than, that which has alienated Irishmen from Englishmen, which disposes each people to believe the worst of the other, the Germans to despise the Russians for their supposed want of cultivation, the Russians to detest the priggish arrogance of the Germans. This mutual repulsion, whose strength surprises us English, who have no hatred for any Continental nation since we left off hating the French, has become a powerful factor in the open alliance of Germany with Austria, and in the tacit alliance of Russia with France. Although Germans and Russians have not been in arms against one another for nearly eighty years, and have within that time had no serious ground of quarrel, there is as much bitterness now in Germany against Russia as against France. The hostility of Frenchmen and Italians to one another is no more reasonable and scarcely less menacing. Italy has been for years spending large sums on the fortification, not only of her Alpine frontier to the west, but of the roads which cross the Apennines from the coast

between Genoa and Ventimiglia, in preparation for an attack by France in that quarter. There is fortunately no sign of anything approaching a *casus belli* between the countries; but neither people would recoil from the prospect of a war with the other.

When these various sources of danger are reckoned up, the prospects of a long-continued peace do not seem bright. Europe, and especially South-Eastern Europe, is so full of inflammable material, that any match may cause an explosion. For present alarm, however, there is probably less cause than there has often been during the last ten years. France and Germany are unquestionably pacific in their wishes and purposes. Russia may be so, and if Austria moves it will only be because she thinks the dangers of waiting to be greater. The very vastness of the scale on which wars are now conducted makes rulers feel not only how ruinous a reverse may be, but how great may be the losses attendant even on victory.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE SESSION.

NOT even its warmest friends contend that the present Cabinet makes in any real and active sense a popular Government. The utmost that they can claim for it either in Parliament or the country is mild acquiescence, but no firm general confidence; a preference over a Liberal Government, but no particular admiration of it for its own sake; a sort of negative contentment with its resistance to the supposed dangers of a reformed system in Ireland, but no cordial or positive feeling for its achievements outside of that. There is no personality in the Ministry who attracts or commands that steady confidence in a leader which is at least as necessary in a popular Government as in any other. Their most ardent admirers are forced to admit that somehow Lord Salisbury is more like a French aristocrat than an English gentleman; that Mr. Balfour, though he has bullied the Irish without flinching, somehow fails to bring himself into complete mental contact with people in general; and that Mr. Goschen lacks personal magnetism, which is indeed terribly or ludicrously true. Is this lukewarm, negative, passive, and colourless feeling towards Ministers likely to be stirred into anything warmer by the business of the approaching session?

Undoubtedly the first work to be taken in hand will be the report of the three judges. There is, we believe, no section in the Act constituting the Special Commission directing to whom they shall make their report—an omission that in a small way well illustrates the haste with which that ill-omened measure was conceived and carried. It is expected that the report will be laid before Parliament, through the Home Secretary, immediately after Parliament meets; and we may reasonably suppose that the House of Commons will at once employ itself in the consideration of a document concerned with the character of at least one of its leading members, and of an important parliamentary group. In no case can the report be ignored, or merely allowed to lie on the table. Whatever may be its tenor, it must point to parliamentary action in one direction or another. As they will painfully and promptly discover, the

Government like Frankenstein have not created their unconstitutional monster for nothing. Apart from action which may be forced upon them by the substance of the finding of the three judges, much will no doubt have to be said as to incidental points, such as expenses, the employment of the official resources of the Government on behalf of one of the parties to the detriment of the other, and a good many other matters. The Opposition are not likely to part with the Address until they have dealt with some of these questions, but others will have to be reserved for such opportunities as the Government may find themselves, with the best wish in the world, unable to refuse. Considering the character of the proceedings that may easily arise out of this transaction without a precedent, it is hardly possible that the session can be a very smooth one, and Ministers will have to bear the blame for having wantonly launched Parliament upon an unconstitutional course in the hope of permanently damaging an awkward political opponent. Nothing that they can do in this bad business will make them either better liked or more highly thought of.

In another important particular the session will be an Irish session. On their accession to office, more than three years ago, the Government rashly pledged themselves, as a fundamental element of their policy, to abolish the dual ownership of land in Ireland; and they now at last profess that they are about to make a serious attempt to redeem their pledge. It was rumoured in the autumn that they would demand as large a sum as seventy millions, but the story now is that they will be content with twenty millions—the amount proposed for buying out the landlords by Sir George Trevelyan in 1884. Whatever the exact figure may prove to be, the supporters of the Government, especially their metropolitan and borough members, will find resort to British credit in any shape a very unpalatable dose to swallow after their loud vows and protestations at the election of 1886. Another most reluctant contingent in the Ministerial lobby will be some of the Irish landlords themselves. Many of them regard the cry for the abolition of dual ownership as due to the ordinary ignorance of English politicians as to Irish affairs; for, they say, dual ownership is not much more than a new name for the Ulster custom, and the Ulster custom has always worked admirably. On the other hand, the tenant-farmers of Ulster will quarrel with the Government for not compelling the landlords to sell their agricultural land where three-fourths of the tenants on an estate demand it. They cannot see why the Leaguer, by making himself a nuisance to his landlord, should drive him to sell, while the virtuous northerner who pays his rent, and whose landlord therefore has no motive to sell, should go on for ever sitting at a rent some 25 to 30 per cent. higher than the instalment which the purchasing tenant pays, and has, moreover, only to pay for a limited term, at the end of which he becomes the freeholder. Finally, the Nationalists will be no better satisfied with Mr. Balfour's projects for purchase than the Unionists. Mr. Parnell, in his speech the other day at Liverpool, took no trouble to hide his belief that the tenants are paying too high a price under the Ashbourne Act, and if ever by chance the purchasing tenants are disposed to repu-

diate, nobody can deny that Mr. Parnell gave us fair warning. Archbishop Walsh, again, is a considerable person in Irish affairs, and he too only a few weeks ago openly warned the tenants to have nothing to do with purchase under present circumstances. It looks, therefore, as if Mr. Balfour were going to press a policy on Parliament which neither satisfies nor even pleases any party in Ireland, and which will assuredly create lively dissatisfaction in Great Britain. Land purchase, even with some remote risk, may or may not be tolerated as part of a broad political settlement between Great Britain and Ireland, effected with the assent and co-operation of the Irish representatives, but for a coercionist Government to lend immense sums to the people whose disaffection is loudly declared to have made coercion necessary, is to put its head into the lion's mouth with a vengeance.

Another piece of legislation to which Ministers are committed is a Tithes Bill. They can hardly repeat their bad management at the end of last session, when they fell from scrape to scrape, as a result of allowing a Bill touching the very heart of rural interests to be steered by two lawyers, the Home Secretary and the Attorney-General, who only got up rural interests for the occasion, as they might get up any other brief. Apart from skill or clumsiness in steering, the Tithe policy of the Government can hardly be so shaped as to give pleasure to their supporters from the counties. Without going into the mysteries of great tithe, small tithe, extraordinary tithe, lay impropriators, and the rest of it, anybody can see that no proposal which makes the landlord liable to the parson, with the consolation of being able afterwards to put the farmer into the county court for the money, will be particularly agreeable either to landlord or farmer, or to their representatives in the House of Commons. Even the clergy, in whose interest the Government will profess to be acting, may find their last state worse than their first. It is pretty clear, both from what happened last session, and from general considerations, that the whole scale of tithe will have to be submitted to revision. When one hears of cases in which tithe, that is presumably one-tenth, is as much as a third of the rent, it is certain that the day of revaluation on new principles cannot be far off. On the other hand, we must take care that neither this process nor any scheme of redemption that may be proposed, ends in whittling away a very important piece of national property, which may some day or other be turned to truly national purposes.

From these thorny matters, then, even if there were no others, it will be a miracle if Ministers extract anything that will improve their position, or if they escape without making their position decidedly worse. Mr. Ritchie, who is on the whole the most sensible of them all, will bring in his plan for district councils, but time will probably fail him for carrying it through, and district councils only stir a very sober sort of enthusiasm in even the most ardent bosoms. If they were parish councils it would be a different case. Of course, the Government will have the advantage of a prosperity budget, and anything like a free breakfast-table would be a trump card. But nothing that they can do next session will give stability and public confidence to

a coalition which does not know whether it is Conservative or Liberal, which does not call itself either one or the other of those two honest names, and which is so devoid of humour as to aspire to the title of national, though it exists in defiance of Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and—by its own arithmetic—almost a majority in England.

BOYCOTTING IN ENGLAND.

AN impudent attempt has been made by the Unionist press to mislead the public as to the legal effect of the conviction of two Irish farmers, recently tried by Mr. Justice Grantham at Liverpool. They represent the judgment as one "of some political importance," as a new decision that "boycotting" is criminal by the ordinary law of England, and as proving triumphantly that the Irish Coercion Act of 1887 has not altered the criminal law one jot, except by adding a more convenient form of procedure. And they call on Mr. Gladstone and his friends to recant their shameless assertions about "exceptional legislation" under the Act of 1887.

Every part of this argument is a fraud. The Irish farmers at Liverpool Assizes were not charged with "boycotting," and not under the English common law at all. They were indicted under the Conspiracy Act of 1875, passed to provide against trades-unionist outrages, and specially to protect workmen from criminal forms of "picketing." There is nothing new about the Act, which Mr. Cross passed years ago to settle the long trades-union agitation against the old criminal law. It has been put in force scores of times all over the country, and has been constantly in use during the recent strikes. The whole of the evidence of the prosecution tended to bring the case within the statute against "picketing."

But the strongest point is this. The Act of 1875, under which these men were indicted, is expressly extended to Ireland by section 21: "This Act shall extend to Ireland, &c." If then the Coercion Act of 1887 did not alter the law under which these men were convicted, why was it passed at all? The Act of Conspiracy, 1875, had already existed in Ireland for twelve years. Or, if it be alleged that the Coercion Act of 1887 simply enlarged the judicial procedure, why did it not incorporate the Conspiracy Act of 1875, adding that trials under it should be held in such and such ways? Anyone who compares the Conspiracy Act of 1875, under which the men were tried at Liverpool, with the Act of Mr. Balfour, will easily see how greatly it differs, in substance and not in procedure, from the Coercion Act of 1887. And there are now found writers to tell the world that a conviction under the Act of 1875, common to England and to Ireland, proves that the Irish Act of 1887 did not alter the common law of England! Misrepresentation can hardly go further than this.

The report of the trial in the *Times* of December 20th sets out the section of the Act of 1875 with entire accuracy. Section 7 of 38 and 39 Vict., c. 86, "the Conspiracy and Protection of Property Act, 1875," provides a penalty of £20, or three months' imprisonment, on conviction of "every person who, with a view to compel any other person to abstain from doing or to do

any act which such other person has a legal right to do or abstain from doing," "uses violence to, or intimidates such other person, or his wife or children, or injures his property," "or persistently follows such other person about from place to place," or "watches or besets the house or other place where such other person resides, or works, or carries on business, or happens to be." This applies to every person, whether in England or in Ireland, and for every act of violence, intimidation, injury to property, following about, and "besetting" any house or place. We always maintained that, having got these powers, it was all that the capitalist had a right to have, whether in England or in Ireland. The Tory Government would not be satisfied; and they altered the law for Ireland alone by the Coercion Act of 1887.

The case against the farmers at Liverpool, if the evidence could be believed, tended to prove threats of a kind, and undoubtedly to prove "following about" and "besetting." Assume for the moment that the evidence was adequate, and the sentence not vindictive. How can a conviction under the Act of 1875 of "intimidation," "persistent following," and "besetting," as defined by that Act, prove that the Act of 1887 did not alter the criminal law? It proves just the reverse, unless it were waste paper, enacting what the same Ministers had already placed on the Statute Book in 1875.

Let us now turn to Mr. Balfour's Act of 1887. Here we have new crimes—viz., conspiracy to induce any person not to fulfil his legal obligations, or not to let, hire, use, or occupy any land, or not to deal with, work for, or hire any person in the ordinary course of trade. It also makes it penal to incite any person to do any of these acts. It defines *intimidation* as any words calculated to put any person in fear of any loss of business. And finally, it takes away the right of trial by jury, which, by section 9 of the Conspiracy Act of 1875, is expressly reserved to the accused. Will any lawyer venture, with his name, to assert that a conspiracy to induce a person not to fulfil his legal obligations, or not to hire land, or not to deal with, work for, or hire a person, is within the purview of the Conspiracy Act of 1875; or that a conviction of "intimidation," "persistent following," and "besetting," under section 7 of that Act, is good to show that there is no new crime in the Coercion Act of 1887? If any lawyer is inclined to take up this challenge, we should all be glad to know his name and his standing in the profession.

Will any layman of decent character read side by side section 7 of the Conspiracy Act, 1875, with section 2 of the Coercion Act, 1887, and publicly come forward to say that the crimes as defined in both Acts are substantially the same thing; that refusing to deal with a person is "intimidation" or "besetting;" or that inducing a person to break a bargain is the same as "picketing," "rattening," or hustling? Yet this is, in effect, what the Unionist journals have been trying to palm off on the public, when, with a flourish of trumpets, they parade a conviction under the Act directed against "picketing," as if it were a conviction of "boycotting" under the Coercion Act directed against the National League. It is true that "boycotting" is not unfrequently extended into crime. When it is, the ordinary law against crime can deal with the offences. But "boycotting" often

is, and certainly may be, wholly free from crime. "Boycotting" *simpliciter* is the mere refusal to deal with, or associate with, another. This may be, and often is, not only just, innocent, but even laudable. It is practised by us all, by all professions: in society, in commerce, and especially in journalism. And the Coercion Act of 1887 makes "boycotting" *simpliciter* a crime—"not to deal with, work for, or hire." Unhappily we know that this is no dead letter. The rigmarole about "a criminal conspiracy now punishable by law"—is treated as verbiage, implying any member of the League, or any Irish tenant. Shopkeepers have been punished in Ireland simply for declining to sell an article over the counter. The proof of "conspiracy," required by the Act, has been quietly ignored by the R. M. If a car-driver refuses his car to a member of the R. I. C., he is liable to imprisonment. In Mr. Shaw-Lefevre's "Incidents of Coercion," the particulars of these cases are given. Blacksmiths were imprisoned with hard labour for refusing to shoe a horse. Tradesmen were sentenced to three months' hard labour for refusing to serve goods in their shop to persons who had previously conspired to get up a case, and publicans were sentenced for refusing to supply beer. It is true, that a superior court decided that such sentences were illegal, in the absence of evidence of conspiracy. That only proves that, under Mr. Balfour's Act of 1887, members of the League who agree not to sell their wares, or not to hire out themselves to another who is obnoxious to them on certain grounds, may be imprisoned for long terms by a magistrate without a jury, on mere proof of such agreement. That was made crime in Ireland by a new law in 1887. And it is an infamous law.

It would be a long story to go into the Coercion Act of 1887, with all its monstrous tyranny, soon to be abolished for ever. The point before us is the conviction at Liverpool, which no more decides anything as to the Coercion Act of 1887 than it decides anything as to the Church Disestablishment Act of 1870. It was a simple case of molestation, intimidation, following, and besetting, so charged and so, apparently, proved. Whether the evidence was sufficient or the sentence reasonable is another matter, on which opinions will differ. In arguing the case, we have assumed, for the purpose of discussion, that it was so. But a word may be said about that. A Unionist journal informs us that "the judge laid it down that a conspiracy to prevent a man from carrying on his business was an offence against the common law of England." If Mr. Justice Grantham did any such thing he went out of his way to mislead the jury who had to try the prisoners under the indictment on the seventh section, 38 and 39 Vict., c. 86. And if the judge so laid down the law, he entered on a very doubtful and debateable point outside the case he was trying, as may be seen from the authorities cited in a work of high repute, Mr. R. S. Wright's "Law of Criminal Conspiracies," section 12. The men were clearly proved to have followed the owners of the cattle about from Ireland to Liverpool, and thence to Salford, to have used threats, and to have beset the place where they were. The prisoners got hard measure, seeing that nothing and no one was injured, that the persons "threatened" treated their words as idle brag, seeing that no one was a pin the worse for what

they had done, nor were the cattle sold at an undervalue. But the measure was not harder than English workmen often receive at the hands of middle-class juries.

What shall we say of the sentence? Three months' imprisonment with hard labour, *the maximum under the Act*, is a vindictive sentence, where no injury is done, little but empty words are proved, and no loss is sustained by anybody except the prisoners. What would Mr. Justice Grantham do if the case were proved to be personal violence, serious injury to property, or wanton rattening? What more could he do, for he had already exhausted his maximum punishment for idle words? Was this punishment the act of a wise and impartial judge, or was it that of a political partisan, serving the passions of his party by a sentence out of which the unscrupulous journals on that side might twist a bit of political capital?

FREDERIC HARRISON.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL AND THE EIGHT HOURS BILL.

THE acceptance by Lord Randolph Churchill of the Eight Hours Bill undoubtedly makes it a question of party politics. He states, in the letters announcing his adhesion to the principle of the Bill, that he has been converted by the article of Mr. Sidney Webb in the December number of the *Contemporary*. That article is written with ability, moderation, and judgment, and it is tolerably certain that the last sentence quickened Lord Randolph Churchill's mind, and compelled him to announce his conversion to the world. The sentence is as follows:—

"But new portents are visible in the electoral sky, and students of political meteorology among the industrial classes already begin to declare that the party which first takes up the Eight Hours Bill, besides effecting an unparalleled improvement in the social condition of the worker, will gain the labour vote for half a generation."

It is not wonderful that the leader of the Tory democracy—if there be such a party—rose to the bait thus cleverly cast before him. It is not the first time that Lord Randolph Churchill has mistaken a temporary agitation for a great proletarian upheaval, and has made a bid for leadership. When Protection stalked about the country in the domino of Fair Trade, Lord Randolph Churchill threw aside the disguise with contempt, and believing that the time had come when he should put himself in the van of the movement, he made his well-known speech at Oldham, in 1881, as an uncompromising protectionist. That was a serious political as well as tactical error then, and he has committed another now. The symmetry of the Eight Hours Bill has captivated his lively fancy, as is shown by the following quotation:—"Eight hours' labour, eight hours' sleep, and eight hours for mental and bodily recreation seem to me to be an ideal which a democratic Legislature, in its care for the welfare of the whole people, may wisely and profitably endeavour to aim at." Lord Randolph Churchill has readily swallowed the triad of eight, but why has he rejected the fourth term in the political cry which makes a quadrature? The democratic refrain that electors press upon the constituencies is simple, but comprehensive—

"Eight hours to work, eight hours to play,
Eight hours to sleep, and eight shillings a day."

The demand of this refrain is for uniformity of hours and uniformity of wages. Until Lord Randolph Churchill accepts both propositions he will only be a secondary leader in the movement; if he do accept both he declares himself to be a rank Socialist. Leaving the leader of the Tory democracy on both horns of the dilemma, we now pass to the subject matter of the Eight Hours Bill.

It is an acknowledged fact that, in the last thirty or forty years, the hours of labour have been shortened, while wages have largely risen. In France and the United States there are official Government returns which amply prove this statement, and in other countries there are statistical researches by competent authorities such as Giffen. Speaking generally for the United States, France, and Great Britain, though not for Germany, the workmen of these countries at the present time get 60 or 70 per cent. more wages for 20 per cent. less work than they did fifty years ago. This is a leading argument used by the promoters of the Eight Hours Bill. They draw from it the general conclusion that limitation of hours has a tendency to increase wages. They point to the operation of the Factory Acts, which reduced to ten hours the labour of women and children, and, indirectly, did so to men, while their wages have increased in spite of the shorter hours of labour. This is quite true, the explanation being that the machinery of the mills has been made to run at a greater speed in order to compensate for shorter hours, for each spindle now makes ten thousand revolutions per minute, when twenty years ago it made only four thousand. The strain and monotony of watching such machinery require a reduction in the hours of labour, and this would have happened in factories, without law, as it has in many trades which are not under the Factory Act of 1878. Wages have risen because the amount of production has increased with a diminution in its cost. The old theory of a "Wages Fund" is no longer in favour, and wages are now treated as a share in the product, and this must augment when production and consumption are both high. Wages are, according to this view, not antecedent to production but consequent to it, so that any lessening of labour which diminishes the product must be attended by a decline in the share got by the labourer as wages.

The Factory Acts were the outcome of moral considerations; and became, in fact, the expression by Parliament of a resolve that work should be performed so as to secure for unprotected women and children an unimpaired and undeformed existence. Legislation is not a science, but is a practical adaptation of laws to the general welfare. *Salus populi suprema lex* is capable of being translated in too wide a sense. In Mr. Webb's article passages are quoted from the writings of John Morley and of Jevons, giving a wider extension to their views than either author ever intended. Both of them advocate humanitarian law; but they have protested against interference with liberty when humanitarian needs are not involved.

In regard to the Eight Hours Bill, Mr. Morley's recent speeches have been very decided, and Mr. Jevons's writings are equally strong. Referring to the Eight Hours Bill in his well-known work, "The

State in Relation to Labour," Mr. Jevons says: "To lessen the days of labour by one hour is to lessen the supply of labour by one-ninth or one-tenth part, and to the same extent to waste the efficiency of all machinery and of the fixed capital connected therewith. . . . We shall be led to think that there is no ground whatever for legal limitation of adult labour in the present day."

Mr. Webb's witnesses in support of his Bill break down entirely under cross-examination. The demand for this Bill is neither moral nor humanitarian, as in the case of factory legislation, but is simply a question of economics, and, as such, has very little to support it. Natural conditions, such as increased strain or monotony in work, and augmented production of machinery, have lessened the hours of labour in the past, and will do so in the future. Indeed, it is quite probable that eight hours of labour in many industries will secure the maximum of production from working men, because an increase in their intellectual and moral capacities, which is likely to follow from increased leisure properly applied, will more than compensate for a reduction of muscular labour. The cultivation of a trained intelligence constitutes the difference between the labour of quality and the labour of quantity; but it is not likely to be stimulated by a dead uniformity of hours and wages. In Nature, diversity, and not uniformity, forms the condition for evolution. Only one-tenth of our labourers work in factories; the other nine-tenths require, as of old, all the differences of mental capacity and personal experience to make them labourers of quality. The economic question now put to the working classes is this—Will you, notwithstanding the infinite diversity of your trades and of your individual capacities for work, enter into a league for obtaining, by legislation, a cast-iron rule to limit your labour to eight hours; will you sacrifice your advantages in piece-work and overtime to secure this end; and do you think that Parliament can determine markets so as to assure you more pay for less work? As an economic question, it would seem clear that labourers as a class cannot obtain more wealth or comfort by lessening that labour which is the only true source of wealth. The advocates of the Bill do not deny that a limitation of labour would lessen production, but they contend that it would receive compensation by an extensive employment of new labourers (the unemployed), and that thus the community would be a gainer. It is well to remind them of Bastiat's maxim in economics, that one must always take into account, "What is not seen" as well as "What is seen." Let us put the extreme logic of the position. If Parliament possess an inherent power to regulate work, that power would enable it to enforce an obligation that labourers shall work for only four hours, in order that double the number of workers may be employed in manufacturing the necessary amount of product. The old workers under the present system and the new workers would thus divide the eight hours' wage. There would be more mouths to feed at starvation wages, but there would be no more increase of wealth for consumption. Where would be the gain to a productive community?

Common law has always tried to prevent restraint of trade, but statute law has frequently gone in the opposite direction and failed. When the famous "Statute of

Labourers Act" was passed, there was no export trade, and its success was possible in conception, though its object was to prevent labour getting its proper price. Now, foreign competition dominates the whole situation. Our labourers would have to emigrate in shoals, if their production were limited to the thirty-seven millions of our population. Our manufactures are made for the markets of the world, and seek to supply fifteen hundred millions of consumers. England is only one among many competing nations, and must regulate the price of its exported commodities by the price of like commodities made by other nations for export purposes. If artificial laws raise the price of manufactures and limit consumption, wages must fall because labour can only get its own share in the products consumed at home and by the world. Lord Randolph Churchill gets rid of this difficulty in his easy way:—"The dangers apprehended from the effect of foreign competition are, I think, illusory, in view of the certainty that labour movements in this country will be closely followed and imitated, both in Europe and America." This is absolutely contrary to past experience. Germany, France, and the United States have hitherto declined to follow our lead either as to wages or hours of labour. In Germany more than half the factories and other trades labour on Sunday, and have from eleven to sixteen hours of daily work. In the race with European competitors, England is handicapped with their longer hours and lower wages, and she only wins by superior skill. The United States have ten hours' work for almost all kinds of labour. It is true that four or five States, New York being one, have passed an eight-hours permissive law, but it has been a dead letter in all of them. A great and universal strike is threatened in the United States for 1st May, in favour of a compulsory eight-hours law. It is better to delay prophecy till after the event; but the experience in America hitherto is that such strikes end in *fiasco*. There was a general strike for a nine-hours limit a few years ago, and it failed signally.

The reduction in the work produced by machinery will be in a far greater ratio than that of human labour. The advocates of the Bill think they can lengthen the cloth by shortening the yard-stick. Hours of labour have been lessened in this country chiefly by the operation of physical conditions, and not by law. Natural laws of evolution are much more likely to be right than Acts of Parliament. The employer and the employed best know the conditions for their work, and may be trusted to work out their own salvation. Laws for abridging the freedom of adult working men are always dangerous. LYON PLAYFAIR.

BROWNING IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THE lovers of a great poet are the people in the world who are most to be forgiven for an imaginative way of thinking of him, for they have before them, in his genius and work, an irresistible example of the application of that method to a thousand subjects. Certainly, therefore, there are many confirmed admirers of Robert Browning to whom it will not have failed to occur that the consignment of his ashes to the great temple of fame of the English race

was exactly one of those occasions in which his own analytic spirit would have rejoiced, and his irrepressible faculty for looking at human events in all sorts of oblique lights have found a signal opportunity. If he had been taken with it as a subject, if it had moved him to the confused and comprehensive utterance of which he was master, we can immediately guess at some of the sparks he would have scraped from it, guess how splendidly, in the case, the pictorial sense would have intertwined itself with the metaphysical. For such an occasion would have lacked, for the author of "The Ring and the Book" none of the complexity and convertibility that were dear to him. Passion and ingenuity, irony and solemnity, the impressive and the unexpected, would each have forced their way through; in a word, the author would have been sure to take the special, circumstantial view (the inveterate mark of all his speculation) even of so foregone a conclusion as that England should pay her greatest honour to one of her greatest poets. At any rate, as they stood in the Abbey on Tuesday last, those of his admirers and mourners who were disposed to profit by his warrant for inquiring curiously, may well have let their fancy range, with its muffled step, in the direction which *his* fancy would probably not have shrunk from following, even perhaps to the dim corners where humour and the whimsical lurk. Only, we hasten to add, it would have taken Robert Browning himself to render the multifold impression.

One part of it on such an occasion is, of course, irresistible—the sense that these honours are the greatest that a generous nation has to confer, and that the emotion that accompanies them is one of the high moments of a nation's life. The attitude of the public, of the multitude, at such hours, is a great expansion, a great openness to ideas of aspiration and achievement; the pride of possession and of bestowal, especially in the case of a career so complete as Mr. Browning's, is so present as to make regret a minor matter. We possess a great man most when we begin to look at him through the glass plate of death; and it is a simple truth, though containing an apparent contradiction, that the Abbey never strikes us so benignantly as when we have a valued voice to commit to silence there. For the silence is articulate after all, and in worthy instances the preservation great. It is the other side of the question that would pull most the strings of irresponsible reflection—all those conceivable postulates and hypotheses of the poetic and satiric mind to which we owe the picture of how the Bishop ordered his tomb in St. Praxed's. Macaulay's "temple of silence and reconciliation"—and none the less perhaps because he himself is now a presence there—strikes one, as one stands in it, not only as a place but as a society, a sort of corporate company; so thick, under its high arches, its dim transepts and chapels, is the population of its historic names and figures. They are a company in possession, with a high standard of distinction, of immortality, as it were; for there is something serenely inexpugnable even in the position of the interlopers. As they look out, in the rich dusk, from the cold eyes of statues and the careful identity of tablets, they seem, with their converging faces, to scrutinise decorously the claims of each new recumbent glory, to ask each other how he is to be judged as

an accession. How difficult to banish the idea that Robert Browning would have enjoyed prefiguring and disintegrating the mystifications, the reservations, even perhaps the slight buzz of scandal in the Poets' Corner, to which his own obsequies might give rise! Would not his great relish, in so characteristic an interview with his crucible, have been his perception of the bewildering modernness, to much of the society, of the new candidate for a niche? That is the interest and the fascination, from what may be termed the inside point of view, of Mr. Browning's having received, in this direction of becoming a classic, the only official assistance that is ever conferred upon English writers.

It is as classics, on one ground and another—some members of it perhaps on that of not being anything else—that the numerous assembly in the Abbey holds together, and it is as a tremendous and incomparable modern that the author of "Men and Women" takes his place in it. He introduces to his predecessors a kind of contemporary individualism which, surely, for many a year, they had not been reminded of with any such force. The tradition of the poetic character as something high, detached and simple, which may be assumed to have prevailed among them for a good while, is one that Browning has broken at every turn; so that we can imagine his new associates to stand about him, till they have got used to him, with rather a sense of failing measures. A good many oddities and a good many great writers have been entombed in the Abbey; but none of the odd ones have been so great and none of the great ones so odd. There are plenty of poets whose right to the title may be contested, but there is no poetic head of equal power—crowned and re-crowned by almost importunate hands—from which so many people would withhold the distinctive wreath. All this will give the marble phantoms at the base of the great pillars and the definite personalities of the honorary slabs something to puzzle out until, by the quick operation of time, the mere fact of his lying there among the classified and protected makes even Robert Browning lose a portion of the bristling surface of his actuality.

For the rest, judging from the outside and with his contemporaries, we of the public can only feel that his very modernness—by which we mean the all-touching, all-trying spirit of his work, permeated with accumulations and playing with knowledge—achieves a kind of conquest, or at least of extension, of the rigid pale. We cannot enter here upon any account of either that or any other element of his genius, though surely no literary figure of our day is a more challenging one to attempt to paint. The very imperfections of this original are fascinating, for they never present themselves as weaknesses—they are boldnesses and overgrowths, rich roughnesses and humours—and the patient critic need not despair of digging to the primary soil from which so many disparities and contradictions spring. He may finally even put his finger on some explanation of the great mystery, the imperfect conquest of the poetic form by a genius in which the poetic passion had such volume and range. He may successfully say how it was that a poet without a lyre—for that is practically Browning's deficiency: he had the scroll, but not often the

sounding-strings—was nevertheless, in his best hours, wonderfully rich in the magic of his art, a magnificent master of poetic emotion. He will justify, on behalf of a multitude of devotees, the great position assigned to a writer of verse of which the nature or the fortune has been (in proportion to its value and quantity) to be treated rarely as quotable. He will do all this and a great deal more beside; but we need not wait for it to feel that something of our latest sympathies, our latest and most restless selves, passed the other day into the high part—the show part, to speak vulgarly—of our literature. To speak of Mr. Browning only as he was in the last twenty years of his life, how quick such an imagination as his would have been to recognise all the latent or mystical suitabilities that, in the last resort, might link to the great Valhalla by the Thames a figure that had become so conspicuously a figure of London! He had grown to be intimately and inveterately of the London world; he was so familiar and recurrent, so responsive to all its solicitations, that, given the noble evocations that he stands for to-day, he would have been missed from the congregation of worthies whose memorials are the special pride of the Londoner. Just as his great sign, to those who knew him, was that he was a force of health, of temperament, of tone, so what he takes into the Abbey is an immense expression of life—of life rendered with large liberty and free experiment, with an unrespecting intellectual eagerness to put himself in other people's place, to participate in complications and consequences—a restlessness of psychological research that might well alarm any pale company for their formal orthodoxies.

But the illustrious whom he rejoins may be reassured, as they will not fail to discover; in so far as they are representative, it will clear itself up that, in spite of a surface unsuggestive of marble and a reckless individualism of form, he is quite as representative as any of them. For the great value of Browning is that at bottom, in all the deep spiritual and human essentials, he is unmistakably in the great tradition—is, with all his Italianisms and cosmopolitanisms, all his victimisation by societies organised to talk about him, a magnificent example of the best and least dilettantish English spirit. That constitutes indeed the main chance for his eventual critic, who will have to solve the refreshing problem of how, if subtleties are not what the English spirit most delights in, the author of, for instance, "Any Wife to any Husband" made them his perpetual pasture and yet remained typically of his race. He was indeed a wonderful mixture of the universal and the alembicated. But he played with the curious and the special, they never submerged him, and it was a sign of his robustness that he could play to the end. His voice sounds loudest, and also clearest, for the things that, as a race, we like best—the fascination of faith, the acceptance of life, the respect of its mysteries, the endurance of its charges, the vitality of the will, the validity of character, the beauty of action, the seriousness, above all, of the great human passion. If Browning had spoken for us in no other way he ought to have been made sure of, tamed and chained as a classic, on account of the extraordinary beauty of his treatment of the special relation between man and woman. It is a complete and splendid

picture of the matter, which somehow places it, at the same time, in the region of conduct and responsibility. But when we talk of Robert Browning's speaking "for" us, we go to the end of our privilege, we say all. With a sense of security, perhaps a certain complacency, we leave our complicated modern conscience, and even our heterogeneous modern vocabulary, in his charge among the illustrious. There will possibly be moments in which these things will seem to us to have widened the allowance, to have made the high abode more comfortable for some of those who are yet to enter it.

ACIS AND GALATEA.

EVERYONE knows Acis and Galatea as a matter of music, and all readers of Greek and Latin poets know their story as told by Theocritus, Virgil, Ovid, and a crowd of others. By Ovid, above all, we are admitted to hear the nymph tell the tale of her loves and sorrows with her own mouth. But even within the bounds of classical reading, it is possible to find some notices of the pair which sound odd alongside of those to which we are most accustomed. And if we go further still into the regions of wider speculation, we may find that the pleasing Greek romance supplies matter for thought in various ways. The story, in something like its usual shape, is certainly as old as the fourth or fifth century B.C., and it is very likely to be much older. Is it a mere sport of fancy, adapted to the eastern coast of Sicily as it might have been adapted to any other spot in the world? Or does it possibly contain some traces of genuine native legend, out of which the Greek has woven the graceful tale which we all know?

Of the three actors in the story, two, Galatea and Polyphemus, are as old as the Homeric poems; but they have left no local traces behind them. Acis, on the other hand, is found only in his own story; but his name long lived on in that of the river which is indeed his very self, and its root is to be traced in the neighbouring but distinct stream of Acesines. He abides still in the names of Aci del Castello and the better-known Aci Reale. That is to say, the tale was suggested by the phenomena of the river Acis, and the two more famous personages were brought in by some flight of fancy. The tale runs thus:—Polyphemus the Cyclops loves the Nereid Galatea; she prefers his rival Acis; the jealous Cyclops crushes Acis with a huge rock, and from his blood flows the stream which bore his name. Acis, then, is simply the personified river; the tale is one of the endless physical legends common in Sicily and in other lands. A short river running from underneath a rock of lava might easily suggest the particular form of the story. Acis, then, was crushed by a huge stone; only, who threw the stone, and why did he throw it? The answers to these questions grew into a pleasing romance.

The earliest writer to whom the story can be traced back, not at all necessarily the earliest who told it, is the dithyrambic poet Philoxenus. The story went that Dionysius the elder shut him up in one of the stone-quarries on the hill of Syracuse, which keeps his name in an easy corruption, *Latonia del Filosofo*. Philoxenus, in a special poem on Galatea, told the story of the love of Polyphemus for her, and we can

hardly be wrong in saying that he must also have told the story of Acis, the centre of the whole tale. For this Philoxenus was taken to task by the historian Duris of Samos, who, one would think, must have been a rather dull kind of critic. According to Duris, Polyphemus, grown rich with the milk of his flocks, built a temple to Galatea near Ætna, or in one of the towns that bore the name of the mountain. Philoxenus, not knowing the motive, perhaps not even knowing that the temple was built, devised the story about Polyphemus being a lover of Galatea. This is all that we know either of the story by Philoxenus or of the criticism of Duris on the story. There can hardly fail to have really been a temple dedicated to Galatea, whose Greek name naturally suggested the thoughts of milk. That it was built by Polyphemus may have been a real local belief, or it may have been a guess of Duris. Anyhow Duris clearly thought that he was correcting the foolish love-story of Philoxenus into a sober piece of local history.

We thus find Galatea, in the fourth or fifth century B.C., looked on as a personage to whom temples might be built. And why should they not? Galatea is a divine person, a Nereid, daughter of Nereus, sister of Thetis, who plays so great a part in the Homeric story. Her name comes in the list of Nereids in the Iliad; she is one of three who have an epithet; and, while the other two merely describe personal beauties, the epithet of Galatea is of another kind—she is the "very famous" Galatea. We will not presume to guess at the date of the list, which unkind editors put within brackets; but surely everybody, bating one or two, will allow it to be a good deal older than Duris and Philoxenus. It looks as if some story of Galatea, apart from the rest of the watery sisterhood, had already got about in the world when the list was made. It does not at all follow that she was as yet at all connected with Sicily or with Polyphemus; it is enough that she had already got some story of her own, and was therefore qualified to pass into any other story. Polyphemus, too, we need not say, is Homeric; if not divine, he is at least of divine parentage, son of no less a father than Poseidon. Everybody knows his story, either in the Odyssey or in Sindbad. But two or three things may be noticed about him. First of all, he is not introduced by the name of Polyphemus; he is simply a Cyclops; but his name is taken for granted afterwards. Also it is nowhere said in so many words that he had only one eye; but it is implied in the story, for when one eye is put out he clearly has no other to see with. This looks as if the story of Polyphemus was already a very familiar one when the singer of the Odyssey wrought it into his tale. Also there is really nothing whatever to show that that singer meant to place the tale in Sicily. That inference simply followed when the Homeric *Thrinakia* was improved into *Trinakria*, and taken to be a descriptive name of the island.

It is something to know, by Polyphemus' own account of himself in Theocritus, that, at the time of his wooing of Galatea, he still had an eye, though only one. He confesses to the thickness of his lips, a fact on which some might be tempted to found ethnological theories. But he enlarges, as the Cid might have done, on the beauty of his youthful beard. And there is an undercurrent of legend, according to which these charms had more effect on the heart

of the nymph than would seem in the common story. Grave commentators have remarked that there is a difference of tone between the two poems in which he appears in Theocritus, and that in one he seems somewhat less distasteful to Galatea than he does in the other. In the dialogue of Lucian between Galatea and Doris, Galatea undergoes a good deal of banter from the keen-eyed sister, who sees that the giant lover is not altogether hateful. These, we may be sure, are later—most likely, as in Lucian, sportive—forms of the story. If Galatea favours Polyphemus, there is no room for Acis, no excuse for crushing him with a rock or turning him into a river. And the transformation of Acis is assuredly the essential centre of the story, the part in which we are likely to find some relic of native belief or some play of strictly native fancy.

But there is more to come. There is one version of the tale which assuredly no one would have looked for. The historian Appian, after duly weighing other reports which he pronounces to be fabulous, gives his gravest judgment in favour of one. He had nothing to do with pleasant stories of nymphs and shepherds, nothing to do with lovers crushed by unsuccessful rivals. With him all is a matter of business; he has to tell of the fates of nations, and of their origin and pedigrees. He decides in favour of a tale, wherever he found it, according to which Polyphemus and Galatea were the parents of three sons, each of whom became a great nation. Celtus, Illyrius, and Galas were their names; they went forth from Sicily, and became, perhaps fathers, certainly rulers, of the nations whom their names suggest—that is, the nations who suggested their names. Galas, we need not say, represents the Gauls—the *Galatians*, to keep the form of the name which best tells the story. Here, of course, we are again on the milky way. Some said that the *Galatae* were so called from their milky countenances; here, by the same train of thought, they are made descendants of a grandmother whose name clearly had something to do with milk, and whose favour, earthly or heavenly, would seem to have been best won by milky offerings.

This form of the tale of Galatea does not seem to have been ever set to music or told in verse. Ethnologists may judge of the propriety of distinguishing Gauls and Celts, and of making the forefather of the Illyrians a brother of the same household. One is inclined to ask whether anybody, after Appian, ever thought again of the pedigree. Daring etymologists might hint that Albanians are Illyrians, and that *Albyn, Albanaal*—spell as we please—was a Celtic land. Does not the whiteness of Galatea and the milky flocks appear in all these names? In the name of the Albanians we must emphatically deny the connexion; Albanaal may answer for itself, and so may Alba Longa and Albany, N.Y. Anyhow it would be something new and startling to hear either Frenchmen or Albanians addressed by a stirring orator as "Children of Galatea."

Thus it is that tales grow and change, and put out branches in directions that one would never have thought of. The ethnological and etymological guess has got rid of Acis more thoroughly than he was got rid of by the rock hurled by his rival. But he and his stream and his rock are assuredly the kernel of the story. How Galatea came

in we might know better if we knew the nature and whereabouts of the fame which she had already won in the days of the Homeric list. But when Polyphemus, with his sheep and his habit of hurling rocks, was once quartered in eastern Sicily, he fitted in to perfection. The poetic story lived on; no hearing was found for dull critics like Duris and Appian. The fact—most likely it was a fact—of the temple built to Galatea by somebody went for no more than the very stupid guess which makes Galatea the great-grandmother of French, Welsh, and Irish, to say nothing of the Tosks and the Ghegs of the old Illyrian hills.

MID-WINTER IN CORNWALL.

*Ipsæ te Tityre pinus
Ipsi te fontes, ipsa hæc arbusta vocabant.*

IN the heart of a country-bred youth, London, though he inhabit her for many years, holds but a stepmother's place; and less than that, if he chance to have passed his boyhood by the sea. There is one such in Brook Street—an eminent physician; but he cannot cure his own nostalgia, that at times has driven him to the very midmost of Hyde Park, there to close his eyes and let imagination, through the hum of distant traffic, speak of a certain islet in the Hebridean surf. A friend once happened on him there and stood confused, beholding tears. "Nonsense, man," explained the doctor, "it's no but just the spray!"

For me, if it be night, and my way lie through Piccadilly westward, I always take the left-hand pavement, for then the dark hollow of the Green Park, with the line of gas-lit streets beyond, becomes a little land-locked harbour in the west country that I know; and Piccadilly itself is a narrow, crazy ropewalk, having honester pitfalls. Only in winter one's yearning is not to be fobbed off thus. It is then that the sea calls to her lover with the clearest voice. Last August, when others swarmed about her, he made shift to conjure up the joys of a ground-swell by driving up and down the Strand in a hansom; but towards Christmas, her face is for his understanding.

As I leave the night-mail and broken dreams to step out at the little railway station, nine miles lie between me and the coast, and a good six months between me and Paddington. For here the morning air is soft as old Burgundy, and as stealthily intoxicating; the road ahead (for rain fell last night) a dazzling silver where the sun strikes across; the sky, one turquoise. Across it, far away, lies a dark irregular streak, in shape like a dragon. It is a flock of starlings ("Tintagel men," my driver calls them). High aloft a host of plovers take the sunlight on their white breasts; while the yellow-hammer, the blue-tit, the wren, dart to and fro along the hedges that are blazing with gorse and quick with life. In the brake the adder is sunning himself (if you can catch and kill him on New Year's Day, the word goes that you will triumph over all your enemies), and the frogs are spawning in the pool to our left. Roses hang under the cottager's thatch, and the fuchsia trees are in flower by his gate. The red-robin is in bloom, the periwinkle, the daisy, and here and there a colony of violets. For here, under the breath of the Gulf Stream, nature's rest is neither long nor deep, and this

corner of our island is earlier than Naples in catching the New Year's life.

A smart phaeton and pair come dashing round the corner and past us. My driver says it is the new doctor's carriage. So here, too, is change. The old doctor—rest his soul!—drove a grey mare in a ramshackle four-wheel, and the equipage belonged not to him only, but to all men who wanted "a lift." I have met him tramping afoot, his nose buried in an old Petronius (he had his foibles), while behind, at a walk, followed his vehicle, with a paralytic beside the groom, and a jaundiced woman, and a cripple perched on the back seat. I remark that the doctor's trade is prospering. "Iss," says the driver, "their harvest don't vary; an' I reckon they takes their reas'nable joy therein, like the Mayor o' Falmouth, that thanked God when the town jail was enlarged." He goes on to tell of other changes in the old village. There is a new curate ("a surpassing man, that abases hissell' at the high names"), and a new schoolmistress ("a tongue-tight poor crittur, that talks London.") And the parish-clerk has a new set of teeth "an' carries hissell' high, havin' £15 between his two jaws. As I said to 'n—'You must excoose my plain speech, but they've a-broadened your mouth, Simon Hockin, an' I liked 'ee better as you was before.' 'But,' says he, 'I can *chow*!' And Pretty Tommy has "gone around land"—this is the saddest change, for it means that Pretty Tommy is dead. He was a little dapper man, with a face like a withered apple, and used to blow the "serpent" in the church choir. Nor is there any to take his place. The type is almost as extinct as the old Christmas "Geesy-dancing" (or Guise-dancing, to be precise) that I last witnessed from a perch on Pretty Tommy's shoulder, while he superintended the combat between St. George and the Turkish knight. And when the Paynim's corpse was at length carried out by the hobby-horse, it was he who delivered the final tag:—

"Hashes to hashes, dust to dust,
If Tom Pearce won't have 'n, Aunt Molly must,"

which lines are a riddle to me even now. It was Tommy, too, that went round with the hat, saying—

"Gentlemen and ladies, our sport is near ended;
Come pay to the hat, it his highly commended."

And it was Tommy, prince of "nut-brown mirth" and "russet wit" that led the was-sailors on Twelfth Night, saying—

"A jolly wassel bowl,
A wassel o' good ale . . ."

You may find the song, or something like it, in Brand's "Popular Antiquities," but nowadays its place has been taken by a ruder chant—

"Missus an' Maister, wassail doth begin:
Come, open your doors, an' let us come in . . ."

which Tommy despised. He was a character, in fact, as the following anecdote proves. At the first General Election after the Ballot Act, Tommy, who had saved money and purchased a small property, found himself in the polling-booth with a scrap of paper before him. He read the instructions twice over, scratched his head, and found an inspiration. Seizing the pen, he wrote across his voting paper, "Can't stay to chuse. Got my living to get," and walked forth, a happy man. Now the question of living no longer concerns him. I asked the driver how it happened.

"Rhoomatics," he answers. "He'd 'a' been dro' the battery twice—"

Visions of Tommy as a Balaklava hero are checked by a quick guess that the galvanic battery is meant.

"But the world's wit cudn' cure'n. So one day, a-sittin' in his corner, he says, says he, 'Lord bless my soul!' an' dies."

It is hard to believe him dead while so much remains unaltered. The pool in the hollow below us smiles as it did on that winter morning when I shot my first snipe there. For we are near home now, and now there is no bush, no stone, but has a part in one's memory—

*Nescio qua natale solum dulcedine cunctos
Ducit, et immemores non sinit esse sui.*

No one shall ever say it better. At the top of the drive we pass a troop of old women. They are "going a-gooding" down to the house, where a bowl full of coppers is waiting for them. The drive itself is lined with pale blue hydrangeas—a sheet of colour under the dark evergreens. And then we turn the corner, and the sea is before us, sunny and still, with a light haze veiling the Dodman, six miles away. A few yards further, and almost at the cliff's edge, lies home.

The house stands right over the sea. Sitting in the low panelled dining-room, you look through the conservatory and see the blue water framed in masses of geranium and yellow chrysanthemums. A long mirror, cleverly contrived, gives you the same view when you turn your head. You are eating and listening and full of well-being. To-morrow's pudding has to be stirred (from left to right, mind you!), and is only waiting for you. And you will have to mix the punch to-night, and hand round cider and saffron-cake to the niggers, and the Band of Hope children, and the fife-and-drummers, in the big kitchen. And you are to lead out the cook when they play "The Dashing White Serjeant"—you *cannot* have forgotten that dance, of all others! And there are four dances in prospect. One is twelve miles away, but nobody minds that; and another is given by certain artists staying down in the village, who have taken a sail-loft for the purpose—such a splendid notion! And, by the way, do you admire the decorations? Don't ask about the holly: there is not a red berry to be had this year for love or money.

The ashen faggot has long since roared to ashes. The yule log—or *mock*—lit religiously, and before "all the people standing," from a portion of last year's fire, is now but a charred stick when you seek your bedroom. Up the drive the carollers are singing Kirke White's "Star of Bethlehem," to be followed in a minute or two by "The first good joy our Mary had." You are hot, for dancing with the cook means exercise, and smile as you remember the small farmer who rebuked his partner for "hangin' so hard back in the breechin." You throw open the window. Outside the sea is twinkling under the young moon. With every few seconds comes a spark of light far down on the horizon. It is the Eddystone, and you feel that it is flashing for you. For you, too, is the waves' murmur on the beaches below, and for you the words of the carol ringing high above them on the crisp air:—

"Good people all in peace abide,
We bring you joy this Christmastide;
To-day is born in Bethlehem
A son of royal David's stem;
Then sing and rest you satisfied—
Sing man, sing—sing Nowell!"

Q.

THE THUNDERSTORMS OF 1889.

IT is generally admitted that our knowledge of the phenomena of nature is growing with extraordinary rapidity, but it is remarkable how little interest most people take in its progress. Whether the fault lies with scientific men or with the public may be a matter for debate. On either hypothesis it was disheartening to find that among all the subjects brought forward at the last meeting of the British Association, that which most interested outsiders was a discussion on ladies' dress.

To many, the advance of science means the success of its practical applications, and apart from these, the knowledge of the great majority of intelligent and well-educated people is confined to an acquaintance with a few epoch-making books and discoveries which have compelled universal attention. On the interest and importance of wide generalisations all are agreed. The gradual accumulation of the data on which they are based and by which they are from time to time rendered possible, attracts no attention. Yet one of the chief fascinations of the study of nature is the fact that progress is almost continuous. There are all sorts of dark holes and corners to be pried into, where the careful seeker may find, not perhaps a prize such as Newton's apple, but a substantial and interesting addition to knowledge. The flashing of side lights on objects hitherto but partially illuminated; the discovery of subtle and hidden relations between phenomena apparently the most diverse; these give piquancy and zest to all honest scientific work and impart to it a vitality which, perhaps, some older studies now lack.

By way of illustration, let us take a single subject of which everyone knows something, which is discussed in every text-book, and glibly explained by every candidate for a science scholarship. Let us take as our example a thunderstorm, and note some additions which have been made to our knowledge of this hackneyed subject in the course of the year 1889 alone.

The great storm which broke over London early last summer was turned to good account by several observers. There had long been a suspicion that a flash of forked lightning is not a single instantaneous discharge, but that, in some cases at all events, the same path is traversed by several flashes, which are separated by small but appreciable intervals of time. Keen-sighted persons said that forked lightning quivered as if it were intermittent; as if periods of light and darkness followed each other in rapid succession. The accuracy of their observations was finally confirmed last June by Dr. Hoffert. During the storm he directed a photographic camera to a part of the sky in which flashes were frequently appearing, and rotated it alternately to the right and left. The duration of a single discharge is so short that if the lens happened to be turned towards it at the moment of its occurrence, a perfectly clear and unblurred picture would be obtained in spite of the motion of the instrument. If, however, two flashes which followed the same course were separated by an interval of time sufficiently great for the camera to have been turned through an appreciable angle, their images, though alike in form, would appear on different parts of the plate.

The experiment was completely successful. On developing the photograph a

number of images appeared. Three corresponded throughout their entire length. Every twist and bend in any one of them was so precisely matched in the others that it was obvious they had all followed the same track. That they had not traversed it at the same instant was proved by the fact that the images were widely scattered all over the plate. Several minor discharges apparently originated at the same point as these three principal flashes, but the similarity between them was not so complete. The forms of the three, however, were not merely similar, they were identical, and we are now certain that flashes of forked lightning are often multiple.

Apart from the expedient of analysing the flash by a moving camera, photographs of lightning are not novelties. They have often been obtained, and have for some time past puzzled everybody. A print taken from the negative shows the flashes white on a dark background, but in addition to these images black bands can sometimes be traced, which, though displaying the characteristic forms of lightning, are much darker instead of being brighter than the clouds behind them. Various explanations had been suggested, none of which were satisfactory, but the matter has now been cleared up by Mr. A. W. Clayden, who was also led to the discovery by observations made during the storm of the 6th of June.

It has long been known that if the exposure of a photographic plate to an intense source of light be unduly prolonged, the radiation undoes its own work. The portions of the plate on which the light produces the greatest effect, and which should be black in the negative, are clear, so that in the positive the highest lights print as the deepest shadows. If the sun is in that part of the sky to which the camera is turned, it may appear as an intensely black disk, like the moon during a total eclipse.

That the dark flashes might be thus "reversed" was possible; but it was not easy to understand how they came to be mingled with normal images.

Mr. Clayden, however, has not only placed it beyond doubt that they are to be explained in this way, but has also discovered the conditions which determine the reversal or non-reversal of the pictures of flashes of apparently the same intensity impressed upon the same plate. He finds that black images of the sparks from an electrical machine can be obtained by first photographing them in the ordinary way, and then exposing the plate—of course, before development—to diffused light. It is necessary that the operations should be performed in this order. The action of the diffused light must follow the production of the image of the spark. It is clear, then, that a "black flash" is only the record of a discharge which occurred soon after the first exposure of the plate. Others which followed it before the cap was put on illuminated the clouds behind the points through which it had passed, and the diffused light reversed the image. The pictures of the later flashes are normal, because they have been subjected to little or no after-action.

The heavy and lurid appearance of thunder-clouds is proverbial. An interesting experiment was recently shown by Mr. Shelford Bidwell, F.R.S., which, although its interpretation is doubtful, may help to explain the phenomenon.

The shadow of a jet of steam was cast upon a screen, and a faint grey image of the condensed vapour appeared. A bundle of needles, connected by a wire with an electrical machine, was placed close to the orifice from which the jet escaped. On working the machine electricity was discharged from the points, and the shadow instantly became denser and of a dull red-dish tint. Some uncertainty was expressed as to the correct explanation.

Professor Oliver Lodge has shown that if a cloud of dust be electrified, the particles collect into comparatively heavy groups, which rapidly subside. On the other hand, we know that although extremely fine dust does not affect the colour of light which passes through the air in which it is scattered, particles of a certain size reflect the short waves of blue light, so that there is an unbalanced excess of red in the rays which escape them. It will be remembered that the gorgeous sunsets which followed the great volcanic eruption of Krakatoa were explained by the unusual quantity of dust with which the atmosphere was loaded. Thus it may be that the electrical discharge causes very minute drops of liquid in the condensing steam to unite, until they become large enough to produce colour effects.

The experiment, however, certainly leaves the impression that there is an increase not only in the size, but also in the numbers of the fog particles. The jet when electrified is not only coloured, but is also much more opaque. Mr. Aitken has shown that vapour cannot condense in dust-free air. Every rain-drop, every isolated globule of water in a fog or cloud contains or has contained within it a little solid nucleus on which condensation began. It is very probable, therefore, that the currents of electrified air which stream off from the needle-points carry with them and mingle with the steam enough dust to produce a large increase in the number of water particles which are the visible constituents of steam. The darkening of the shadow of the jet may thus be only a secondary and indirect effect of the electrical action.

But whatever doubt there may be as to the cause, there can be no doubt as to the remarkable similarity of the colour produced to the angry glare of a thunder-cloud. To have attained such a result by electrical action gives hope that the key to an obscure problem is in our hands.

To these examples others might be added. No reference has been made to the recent controversy on lightning conductors because it began more than a year ago, but the cases which have been quoted are, perhaps, sufficient for our purpose.

In January, 1890, we know at least three facts about lightning and a thunderstorm, of which we were ignorant or doubtful this time last year.

We know that flashes of forked lightning are often multiple; that the "dark flash" is due to the action of the later upon the images of the earlier discharges; and that by electrifying steam we can produce a mist the colour of which resembles the lurid hue of a bank of thunder-clouds. Though not discoveries of the highest importance, they are surely of more interest than many other subjects which attract more attention. They can be understood without any profound or special knowledge. They afford a good example of our ignorance on many points connected with the most ordinary phenomena, and of the slow but sure advance before which that ignorance is giving way.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

THE AMERICAN COPYRIGHT BILL.

New York, Dec. 18, 1889.

THE friends of international copyright are preparing to make a fresh effort to get their Bill passed this winter. Such of your readers as are interested in the matter may remember that it failed to pass in the last Session of Congress owing to the objection of a single member, which was sufficient, under the rules, at a certain stage to arrest its progress. This member protested that he was not really hostile to the measure, and stopped it solely to prevent its clearing the way for certain other things to which he was hostile. But his motives were, of course, of little consequence. The fact remained, that all the work of the previous year or two has had to be begun over again. What heavy work that was you would not care to hear in detail. The promoters of the Bill as it now stands have had to contend with three kinds of opposition. First, that of those who deny that there is or can be such a thing as literary property—not a large body, but a somewhat fanatical and metaphysical one. Secondly, those (usually Western men) who do not care whether there be such a thing as literary property or not, but are determined that it shall not be allowed to make books in America any dearer. Third, the persons engaged in the manufacture of books—publishers, compositors, pressmen, type-founders, stereotypers, and binders, who insist on protection to native industry, whether the foreign author be protected or not.

With this last-named class the Copyright League has been able to come to terms by means of a compromise, which requires the printing of the foreign author's book in this country, so that the great principle of protection to native industry is not violated, and the support of all the trades-unions connected with the printing business has thus been secured. With the others it is not possible to come to terms. There is little use in arguing with the man who thinks the author can have no property in a book which another man makes a fortune by selling; or with the man who thinks that although American authors may be entitled to their property in their own books, foreigners may rightfully be robbed of theirs; nor yet with the man who holds, as some hold, that the mental culture of the masses is so important that any means which promote it (including literary piracy) may be lawfully resorted to; nor with the man who holds—a leading American publisher not long ago maintained this theory to me for a whole hour—that foreign ideas are so injurious to American probity, that the proper solution of the copyright difficulty is to exclude European books altogether from the American market. Of all these the Copyright League has, in one way or another, got the better. Some have been disposed of by ridicule; others by a vigorous application of the eighth commandment; others again by the bitter cry of those American authors, mostly fiction writers, who declare that they are ruined by the cheap plunder of Englishmen, brought home by their own pirates.

Perhaps, however, the most formidable enemies of international copyright are those

who are either wholly indifferent about all literary property, or cherish more or less secret contempt for the literary class, as persons unable to show that highest mark of capacity—ability to make money. The hearts of a very large body of business men, manufacturers particularly, are apt to be hard against the woes of people who, though they give themselves great airs, can seldom earn more than four or five thousand dollars a year. And there is one other source of hostility to the movement which is worth mention, and is very real, although it would be difficult to put one's finger on any open indication of it—I mean the suspicion which nearly all the high-tariff men (that is, the greater bulk of the wealthy members of the Republican party) entertain of the real designs and character of the champions of international copyright. The most active and prominent of these are authors and professors, and literary men generally; but they include within their ranks nearly all the educated men, or, to be more specific, nearly all the college graduates in the country. Now it so happens that nearly all college graduates are, not exactly free-traders perhaps, but tariff reformers. In every university of note the president and the professors of political economy teach that a tariff is a tax, and is therefore only to be levied to meet the necessities of the government, or, to use the current phraseology, a tariff should be "for revenue only." This is true of Harvard, of Yale, of Columbia, of Johns Hopkins, of Cornell, and Michigan. The only exception is the University of Pennsylvania; but even there, I am told, the economical teaching has of late been greatly liberalised, although the Professor of Political Economy, Mr. Ellis Thompson, is, since the death of Horace Greeley, the only writer or speaker worth mention on the Protectionist side. When I add to this that the same class is largely tainted with mugwumpery—that is, disloyalty to or dislike of the Republican party—you will easily understand why it should have become rather odious to the great "captains of industry" who are now all-powerful in that party, and, in fact, control it both in and out of Congress. The economical teachings their sons get in the colleges irritate them exceedingly, and occasionally call forth bitter denunciations of the professors, which almost amount to charges of corrupting the youth of the country, and against literary men generally, as crackbrained theorists, or else malignant hirelings of the Cobden Club.

It is not surprising that this very powerful and influential class should feel lukewarm or a little suspicious about international copyright on seeing it in such hands, especially when it is in appearance a proposal to admit foreigners to the American market, something which they regard as little short of treason. All these difficulties make the labours of the League all the more honourable and meritorious. They have been very severe and harassing, and have involved the very disheartening task of winning the ear of Congress for a grievance which does not concern the main body of the public, which does not promise to promote any interest with which most Congressmen are familiar, which finds its strongest support simply in the golden rule, and proposes to upset a trade of such long standing that most people have ceased to think of it as immoral.

A breakfast was given by the Copyright League a fortnight ago to Count de Kératry,

the President of the Société des Gens de Lettres in Paris, who is now making a short visit to this country, and is a strong promoter of international copyright. Bishop Potter presided, and I may mention as evidence of the temper in which the subject is approached on this side of the water, that the speakers dwelt mainly on the dishonesty of the present system, and on the disgrace brought on the country by the practice of piracy. There was very little said on any other point; although one of the speakers, Mr. Randolph, the publisher, made a vigorous protest against the obloquy with which American publishers are visited on account of it. There is one legal firm here which has been retained to oppose the Copyright Bill before Congress, but refuses to say who its clients are, and the very useful suspicion has been spread abroad that they are English publishers. This is probably untrue. The secrecy shows that if they are Americans, the opposition here is ashamed of it itself, and prefers to work in the dark.

I may say almost the same thing about the duty on pictures. Thirty per cent. is levied on these, and the educated public has seen with mortification forty thousand dollars exacted within the last few weeks for permission to bring Millet's "Angelus" into the country. Nobody whatever, in or out of Congress, is prepared to say in whose interest, or for what purpose, this duty is levied. No one pretends that we have any Millets, or Corots, or Rousseaus, to be protected against foreign competition. All the artists who have any reputation, as far as can be ascertained, both individually and through their organisations, are opposed to it. Its abolition has been recommended by the last three Presidents in their Messages to Congress. The sum it brings into the Treasury is a mere bagatelle, and the fullness of the Treasury is one of the great political difficulties of the day. How then are we to account for its maintenance? In part, I think, by the fact that pictures, and especially foreign pictures, are looked on as the expensive luxuries of the very rich, and the ordinary member of Congress, particularly from the West, who is not very keenly alive to the educating influence of art, is not sorry to make the rich pay smartly for their luxuries. Although he sees every day valuable imported works of art finding their way by gift into public galleries, he is still wedded to the belief that they are simply part of the furniture of millionaires on which it is no harm to levy toll, even if the Government does not want the money.

But this is not the whole story. The duty on foreign pictures, as well as the refusal to give a copyright to foreign authors, finds a great deal of unavowed support in the belief that the tariff, however indefensible it may be in some details, cannot be touched anywhere at present without putting the whole structure in peril. It is this which makes it so difficult to get the free list enlarged by the addition of various raw materials from the dearness of which certain great branches of industry are admittedly suffering, and really stands in the way of any revision of the tariff whatever. Everybody who proposes to meddle with any part of it is suspected of having evil designs on the whole. Consequently every proposal to facilitate commercial intercourse with foreign nations with regard to any article, is met by the high tariff men with a *non possumus*. E. L. GODKIN.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,
Friday, Jan. 3, 1890.

BY the death of Mr. Browning, the World, with the affairs of which we are proclaiming our intention to be busied, becomes to many of us a more dreary and less interesting place. Whatever might be happening, however dull the outlook, steep the path, or bleak the wind, he was always cheerful, courageous, kind. His was not the cheap and chirpy cheerfulness of the so-called optimist who, well wadded with stupidity and soaked in conceit, is satisfied "all's right with the world" because his back is always warm, and he and his, thanks to somebody, "are not in want of victual." Mr. Browning's cheerfulness had its roots deep down. It was not like the chatty confidence of the female passenger babbling on the deck; it more resembled the well-founded assurance of the engineer-man that the vessel is proceeding on its appointed way to a safe harbour.

Though Browning's armour discovered no dints, though his aspect was not that of a man but lately from the field of battle, he was recognisable as "ever a fighter," and as one who smiled because he had won; who was full of cheer because he was also full of hope.

He took all life for his province. This was the secret of that ever-growing popularity of his, which has so puzzled some people that they have actually attributed it to monthly meetings of the Browning Society in Gower Street. Grotesque and difficult his poetry often is. Within his volumes flock

"the infinitude
Of passions, loves and hates man pampers till his mood
Becomes himself; and, all the more intense,
So much the more grotesque."

But much is forgiven to a poet who is always interesting. The pulse of the world beats in Mr. Browning's poetry. The "stir of existence" echoes through his pages. Mr. Arnold may or may not have been happy in his definition of poetry as a criticism of Life, but unless Life, here upon the homely earth, is made the mainstay of poetry, poetry will become but the plaything of the "leisured classes."

Of all that pertaineth to a man Browning had full knowledge. He never lost his nerve. He had learnt the lesson he teaches in "The Statue and the Bust." He is the poet of joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, beliefs and unbeliefs, of hours of thought and brief moments of fiery passion. His charm is the charm of manhood and strength, of the strong man about to run a race, and of the bridegroom leaving his chamber.

Our most philosophical, our most crabbed poet, was also our most joyous one; the one on whom the sun ever shone its brightest, who most enjoyed the mountains and the sea, pencil and lyre, who best loved women and children. He grappled with problems, tugged at difficulties; the Origin of Evil never scared him, he pushed his way into the darkest corners of the human heart, peered into the history of crime, was familiar with all that is black and terrible; he hated the seclusion of the cloister, his mind was unenclosed; there was nowhere he was not free to wander, no question he dared not ask. Yet free as the air, so was he also pure; though strong he was never violent, though bold he was never bestial. His manhood was without

taint. Moodiness he seemed to have none. He was always the same man, built four-square on the same firm ground. Somewhat vindictive he perhaps was, nor did he apparently find it easy to forget.

You may hear talk of his extreme sociability, and—detestable phrase, enough to vulgarise a volume—of an alleged propensity for "dining out." Sociable, indeed, Browning must always have been—it was the law of his nature; but as for the other thing, the World of Fashion,

"With mincing gait and sneer of cold disdain,"

that is for ever, to employ some words from a delightful passage in "Eöthen," "presenting their compliments" and "requesting the honour," and "much regretting," need not flatter itself its bit was ever in Browning's mouth.

Few men have been more really independent of their fellows than he, or better entitled to apply to himself the fine old phrase "never less alone than when alone." An early riser, and an omnivorous reader,

"Soul-hydroptic with a sacred thirst,"

his mornings, which included a long forenoon, were his own. Considerable portions of every year were spent abroad in nooks and corners and old-world places. During all the years of his life in Florence he dined out of his own house but once. Here in London, in his later years, he was well content, after a studious day, to spend two, or at the most two and a half, hours in the company of men and women to whom he gave far more than he received. But there must be those to whom superiority is hateful. The criticism of these people is always ready. It is not creditable criticism, nor is it original. It may be read at length in St. Matthew's Gospel, xi. 16—20.

When a great soldier, statesman, or divine dies, it is not difficult to set out their domains by metres and bounds, nor is it always impossible to estimate—at least approximately—their influence. The task, too, grows easier every day. But with a poet who has captured the ear of his countrymen, of those who speak his tongue, it is different. The range of his influence can only be guessed at, and what is good in him grows more potent every hour. To express in words the extent of Browning's influence over English-speaking men, or the depth of their obligations to him, is impossible. But this much is certain, that when last Tuesday his mortal remains were laid in the Abbey tens of thousands recognised that the burial rites were being read and the anthem sung over their soul's Primate. "Who," asks Carlyle with scorching contempt, "were the Primates of England during Johnson's days?" If the question is insisted upon, Research, even though unendowed, is able, if only allowed, not being a Macaulay, to refresh its memory, to respond: Potter, Herring, Hutton, Secker, and Cornwallis. This roll-call of right reverend fathers, however, in no ways destroys the satire of the inquiry, nor robs Carlyle's second question of its force. "Again, is the Primate of England something, or is he nothing? If something, then what but the man who at the supreme degree teaches and spiritually edifies, and leads towards heaven by guiding wisely through the earth the living souls that inhabit England?"

There is no great need to ask these questions afresh. Satire is seldom a fountain

of true inspiration. Taught by somebody we must be. Taught we have been by Robert Browning.

Mr. Browning was a true Englishman, with his full share of British prejudices. He has increased both in volume and velocity our wholesome, hearty Protestant tradition, which regards not Pope, Council, nor Convocation. Our literature, as Cardinal Newman has so candidly, so affectionately admitted, is a Protestant literature. So Browning found it, and so he has left it. Priests play no part in the mysteries of which Browning was a servant. He lived and died in the open.

Mr. Swinburne's beautiful stanzas "In Memory of Walter Savage Landor" naturally occur to the mind, though Florence has been deprived of Browning's "dedicated dust." Two of them may be here fitly quoted:—

"Come back in sleep, for in the life
Where thou art not,
We find none like thee. Time and strife
And the world's lot

"Move thee no more; but love at least
And reverent heart
May move thee, royal and released
Soul, as thou art."

When nowadays a great man dies, there is a question people are always eager to ask. Decency demands a pause, the precise duration of which has not yet been fixed by statute; but it is not a long pause, and when it is clearly over out the question comes. What materials has the dead man left behind him for a biography, and who is to be his literary undertaker? One has grown familiar with the process. Paragraphs of the kind called "inspired" make their appearance in the press; then come the advertisements, and finally the two volumes octavo. On these the Reviews swoop down—the big conscientious reviews written by bald-headed gentlemen sitting at library tables, and the little lively reviews hastily composed by sprightly, if cadaverous, youths standing at desks with scissors and paste-box handy. After this, there is usually unbroken silence; but not always. Biographers are beginning to assert themselves, and have grown ambitious. They despise lay-figures, and aim at depicting the real man—indeed, whole galleries of living men. In this purpose the value of documentary evidence is fully appreciated.

The Ethics of Biography is a ticklish subject. To whom can we turn for guidance? The law has, as usual, despite her detractors, something to say very much to the point. No action lies for libelling the dead. This much is plain. You can "chatter about Harriet" to your heart's content. She, poor thing, may have left children behind her, friends who loved her, but no need to mind them or their feelings. This may seem harsh, but how can law draw the line between private outrage and public necessity? We must have our histories. Suppose, if instead of being waited upon by a gang of angry Quakers, Macaulay had been snapped with a writ for libelling Penn at the suit of a descendant? or what if Sir Elijah Impey's son, instead of putting his outraged feelings into a dull book, which no one read, had brought his action and retained Sir William Follett? The mere exposure to risks of this kind would have pruned Macaulay's periods—a thing shocking for a true-born Englishman to contemplate. The case is evidently full of difficulty.

Mr. Browning's views are at least

partially expressed in his poem "House." One stanza may be here quoted :

"Friends, the goodman of the house at least
Kept house to himself till an earthquake came;
'Tis the fall of its frontage permits you to feast
On the inside arrangement you praise or blame."
A. B.

Perhaps the most interesting paper in the magazines of the present month is Professor Tyndall's account of the journey he made with Carlyle from London to Edinburgh in 1866, when the author of "Sartor Resartus" delivered his address as Lord Rector to the students of Edinburgh University. In this account not the least interesting passage is that which relates to the stay of the party at Fryston Hall, Lord Houghton's Yorkshire residence. Carlyle, all through his life, showed an unwavering affection for Houghton—"that dear good Milnes," as he constantly calls him in his letters. Milnes was, indeed, almost the first person of social position who found out Carlyle, and from the first entrance of the latter upon his life in London, he found in the brilliant young social favourite whom Disraeli described under the name of Mr. Vavasour a kind and constant friend. Fryston Hall, too, was the first large country-house ever visited by Carlyle: His first visit to it was paid in 1842, and his awe-stricken description of what seemed to the ex-schoolmaster to be the palatial splendours of the place, is still extant in a letter to his wife, which will shortly see the light. Some one has made note of the fact that Milnes is almost the only man mentioned in Carlyle's memoirs regarding whom he never says an unkind word. When the correspondence between the two is published, the world will learn something of the depth of the affection entertained by Carlyle for the poet-peer.

"The Life, Letters, and Friendships of Richard Monckton Milnes, first Baron Houghton," will appear in the spring. The book will hardly be so much a regular biography as a record of Lord Houghton's friendships with men of worth, and of the part he played as the helper of the writers of more than one generation. It is unfortunate that he never kept a diary, and that he rarely committed to paper the records of the conversations in which he took part, in those halcyon days when No. 16, Upper Brook Street, was one of the centres of the social and literary life of London, or rather of Europe. If only the walls of that comfortable house, or of the Fryston morning-room, could speak, what a tale they could tell! During the week in 1866 when Carlyle and Professor Tyndall visited Fryston, the other guests of Lord Houghton included Professor Huxley, M. de Circourt, Mr. Henry Reeve, Mr. Swinburne, Sir Samuel Baker, Mr. George Meredith, Connop Thirlwall Bishop of St. Davids, Dr. Vaughan, Mr. Horsman, Mr. J. H. Bridges, and Mr. J. F. McLennan the author of "Primitive Marriage." What country house of the day could have matched such a list of guests as this?

Fryston and its town counter-part—No. 16, Upper Brook Street—might almost have been called "the inns of strange meetings." It was not only that the invited guest might expect to meet "everybody," from Carlyle downwards, at the ever-hospitable board, but that he would often find himself sitting next the last person in the world whom he would have dreamt of encountering there. If the lists of Lord Houghton's breakfasts

and dinners were to be published they would, indeed, furnish the world with a fund of amusement. Here are two of his breakfast parties in the year 1855, taken at random, the one being given in immediate succession to the other:—Saturday, 19th May: Bishop of Oxford; Mr. Macaulay; Mr. J. Mitchell Kemble; Mr. W. R. Greg; Dr. Whewell; Mr. W. E. Gladstone. Monday, 11th June: M. de Montalembert; Signor Vera; Sir G. Cornewall Lewis; Mr. Venables; Mr. Macaulay; Rev. R. Trench; Mr. Carlyle; Rev. C. Kingsley; Mr. Pigott; Lord Stanley. Alas! of all the brilliant company gathered on these two occasions the only survivors are Mr. Gladstone, Lord Stanley (now Lord Derby), and Mr. Pigott, now the Examiner of Plays, and at that period, if we mistake not, the editor of the *Leader*.

If Lord Houghton kept no diary, however, he did keep the letters he received from his friends, to the number of some twenty thousand or more. These have been placed at the service of his biographer, and although of course only a discreet and fitting use of them is possible, they constitute a literary correspondence the like of which has not seen the light for many years. The circle of Milnes' friendships might fairly be described as world-wide, and the friendships are naturally reflected in this correspondence, which extends from the days of Sydney Smith and the Miss Berrys to those of Mr. Browning, and which includes among those who took part in it, emperors, statesmen, leaders of fashion, poets, novelists, journalists, and travellers; indeed, almost every man or woman of note in the last half-century. In the fulness of time it is possible that all this correspondence may be made available for the purpose of the literary or social historian, and whenever it is so employed it will be found to be of extraordinary value and interest. In the meantime, however, only a guarded and limited use can be made of it by Lord Houghton's biographer.

We understand that a number of valuable unpublished letters of Lord Palmerston have come into the hands of the Marquis of Lorne, and that he proposes to weave copious extracts from them into the monograph of the great statesman which he has undertaken to write for the "Queen's Prime Ministers" series. The correspondence covers, we believe, almost the entire period of Lord Palmerston's public life.

In Thackeray's highly interesting reminiscences of Goethe, reprinted in G. H. Lewes' life of the poet, there occurs a passage to the effect that "whenever a countenance struck his [*i.e.*, Goethe's] fancy, there was an artist settled at Weimar who made a portrait of it." "Goethe," Thackeray continues, "had quite a gallery of heads, in black-and-white, taken by this painter." The fact here recorded has just received a striking confirmation through the "find" which has been made at Weimar of 142 portraits of distinguished contemporaries of Goethe. They are all the work of Hofrath Schmeller, who was court-painter at Weimar during the poet's life-time.

The first part of Perthes' "Handlexikon für evangelische Theologen," which is to be completed in three volumes of ten parts each, has just made its appearance. The work will comprise articles on the general science of religion, on biblical, systematic, and practical theology, on ecclesiastical and dogmatic history, besides furnishing biographical sketches.

REVIEWS.

A HIGH CHURCH MANIFESTO.

LUX MUNDI. A Series of Studies in the Religion of the Incarnation. Edited by Charles Gore, M.A., Principal of Pusey House, Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. London: John Murray. 1889.

IN regard to books as to men, it is easier to excite than to satisfy great expectations. The work now before us has been looked for with both hope and interest, and we now welcome it as one that may mark, though it will not make, an epoch. It may be described in current phrase as a manifesto, and proceeds from the younger and more active and open-minded section of the High Church party. The writers are all Oxford men, with one exception, and he was, through a Keble tutorship, long enough in academic association with the others to be subdued to the same colour. Hence there is a uniformity of tone, temper, method, and execution, very rare in books which boast so very considerable an army of authors. Almost all the essays attain a high level of literary excellence; some of them show the easy elegance of the skilled craftsman, whilst all are penetrated and suffused with the fine spirit of the pious and cultivated student. Canon Scott Holland, though somewhat diffuse and too epigrammatic and iterative, is eloquent and often quaintly felicitous. Mr. Aubrey Moore is easy and graceful, and touches his profound subject with a facile hand. Dr. Talbot shows knowledge, and the analytic yet judicious qualities of the true historian. Mr. Illingworth is courageous and venturesome, yet prudently stops before he has gone too far, and knows how to keep out of sight questions that might disturb his conclusions. Mr. Lock is careful and scholarly. Mr. Gore is clear-sighted, candid, bold. But it is impossible to characterise all the essays; enough to say, in some subtle way the book embodies the writers, and has a charm we may describe as almost personal. We may differ from what is written, but we feel the personal charm.

The essays, as a whole, may be said to be better as literature than as theology; they state views rather than discuss doctrines. The book may, for this very reason, be all the better fitted for its purpose; the more it had fulfilled the conditions of a scientific treatise the less would it have served its end as the programme of a young party. Here the scientific spirit, with its balanced judgment and rigorous historical conscience, would have been out of place. But while this is not a book to help the religious thinker or the historical inquirer accustomed to methods of exhaustive analysis and objective criticism, yet it ought to be to all a most interesting book, and will be to many most helpful. Here is a body of earnest, convinced, cultivated men, who have proved themselves open and sensitive to some of the strongest intellectual currents of the time, and yet remain deeply religious and strongly Christian, possessed of the faith that their special form of Christianity affords to the individual the surest footing and to society the safest order amid the conflicting forces of the day. Here they make confession of the faith they live by, and would by their united testimony convince the doubtful, help the perplexed, win the estranged, and confirm the faithful. These men, too, occupy positions of influence; they are potent and have the promise of still greater potency, especially within

the party which has, by its courage, strenuous spirit, strong faith, and perfect knowledge of its own mind, come to be the most progressive and commanding within the English Church. When such men combine to publish a book, the book is clearly one that ought, whatever its intrinsic qualities, to be carefully studied. Its significance lies less in what it is than in what it indicates, and because of this the book is one of which all who are interested in the future of religion in England will do well to take heed.

The form and purpose of the book recall another volume of "Essays and Reviews," which also owed its inspiration to Oxford. It is now thirty years since that once famous but now well-nigh forgotten book broke upon the astonished mind of England, and woke it from its then unusually deep dogmatic slumber. The difference of the books is significant of the changed times. The older work professed to be "an attempt to illustrate the advantage desirable to the cause of religious and moral truth, from a free handling, in a becoming spirit, of subjects peculiarly liable to suffer by the repetition of conventional language, and from traditional methods of treatment." The new work "represents an attempt on behalf of the Christian creed in the way of explanation." The old essayists wished to apply the canons and methods of the freer criticism to religious ideas, standards, documents, history; but the new essayists profess themselves "servants of the Catholic creed and Church, aiming only at interpreting the faith we have received." But within the differences there are significant similarities: the new book is a witness that the old was not written in vain. The "servants of the Catholic creed" admit and apply principles abhorred of the "Catholic Church," concede canons of criticism as to sacred books, and of interpretation as to sacred texts and history, that will not allow the "Catholic Creed" to remain what they found it. We do not blame them; but we affirm that the old, which incorporates the new, is so changed by the new that it no longer remains the old; the spirits or forces of the revolution have seized it, and though it may gallantly labour to use the old speech, yet it thinks the new thoughts, and so is a new thing. These writers are all in an equal degree reverent of their "Catholic Creed and Church," but they are also all, though in varying degrees, possessed of the modern spirit, and between them there are, even in the explicit thought of some of them, signs of latent and, as yet, unsuspected hostilities. Whether the old or the new is to be the more victorious or modifying principle is the secret the future holds in its hands. One thing is evident: new wine in old bottles, even though poured in by the most skilful manipulator, is an eminently dangerous thing, both to the bottles and the wine.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature in the book is the emphatic way in which it brings out the change in the intellectual principles, spirit, and attitude of the High Church party. Positions are here calmly stated that would have filled the older men with dismay. It is not that old views are modified, but that positions are accepted and occupied that are inconsistent with the old views. The modern Anglican revival started from the principle that it was necessary to have not only a source of truth, but a standard of authoritative in-

terpretation, for Scriptures that could be variously interpreted were too full of curious and uncertain problems to be a safe guide for belief and conduct. The authoritative interpreter was sought in primitive and patristic tradition; the Fathers were to explain for us how the Word was to be read and understood. But the editor of the volume allows, at all events, as regards the Old Testament, that modern criticism has its rights. With the peculiar emphasis of one who speaks for a whole he has not been authorised to represent he says:—"The Church cannot *insist upon* (the italics are not ours) the historical character of the earliest records of the ancient Church in Asia." Again, within the limits of what is substantially historical, there is still room for an admixture of what, though marked by spiritual purpose, is yet not strictly historical, "and the process which produces such an admixture, historical criticism assures us, has been largely at work in the Pentateuch" (p. 352). So also "we may suppose Deuteronomy to be a republication of the law in the spirit and power of Moses, put dramatically into his mould" (p. 355). The position may be perfectly correct, and as conservative as it is critical. That is not the point, but this is: how far is it compatible with the authoritative function of ancient and Catholic tradition, both in the interpretation of Scripture and in the determination of the books that were to be interpreted? For if "modern criticism" can make us independent of tradition in one point, why not in more—nay, why not in all? The answer is here made: We have the Church and the Incarnation on which it is based, and which it in a sense perpetuates and realises. But if the integrity of the Catholic tradition is broken at one point, it is weakened at all, and it lies open to cold and relentless historical criticism to exhibit the process by which the Catholic Church was organised and the elements out of which its dogmas were formulated. We may say, therefore, that the change of basis involves a change of front. What this implies can only slowly appear, but that it must appear is inevitable. The old basis was empirical and real, but the new basis is speculative and ideal, and speculative ideas made to speak through the mask of an ancient system, may accomplish strange things both within the mask and without it.

If the book be taken as more than a programme or manifesto, it will be disappointing. It is to its special character in this respect that it owes most of its meaning and interest. Were we to look at the essays as attempts at various exhaustive discussions in theology, we should have to pronounce almost all of them inadequate and defective. The book is marked by a want of proportion, by a failure, due, perhaps, to the multitude of writers, to see things as a whole, the various positions or theses formed, as it were, into a synthesis, with each part in its proper place, and all in fit relations. Two things strike one as very remarkable—first, that a book ostensibly concerned with "the religion of the Incarnation" leaves the Incarnation without anything that even the most indulgent could call adequate discussion. There is speech enough about it, but discussion of it, or even a constructive interpretation of it such as one has been accustomed to find in the great masters of Christology, is what one here looks for in vain. And, secondly,

there is no doctrine of Sin, nor even an attempt at one. The gravity of this omission it is impossible to over-rate. The editor indeed acknowledges the omission, and apologises for it, but the apology—especially read in the light of the references to the lines on which the doctrines would have been treated—only emphasises the point of our criticism, shows how inadequately the system as a whole, and the relation of the parts to the whole, had been conceived. Sin is precisely the doctrine that most radically affects each position here maintained.

It makes no difference to say that the Incarnation as such was independent of sin, for everything the one achieved was conditioned by the other, and without the conditions the things accomplished cannot even be construed; and the need was aggravated by the attitude taken to evolution, for all the difficulties connected with evolution are but child's play compared with those it raises concerning sin. One wonders how a Father like Augustine would have judged this omission; and this name suggests a final criticism illustrative of the very partial and particular thing our writers call Catholicism. It does not recognise the whole body of religious thought within the collective Church of Christ, and is somewhat inconsistent, if not confused, in its notion of how saint and heresiarch may be distinguished and described. To Mr. Aubrey Moore Augustine is a saint whose words are to be reverently quoted, but Calvin is the author of "an awful and immoral system" (p. 99). Yet in the theology of Calvin—we do not speak of the polity or ecclesiology—there is no element or principle which does not exist in a more pronounced or extravagant form in Augustine; while the elements absent in Calvin, but present in Augustine, are precisely those to which reason and conscience would most plainly apply the terms "awful and immoral."

We have no space for more, and we regret it. The spirit of the book is so fine and so reverent that we would fain be understood to praise the men even while we criticise their work. They have convictions, and the courage convictions always give; and they have, too, the gentleness that possesses the man who so loves God as to love his brother also.

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LAST LETTERS.

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS TO HIS GODSON. Letters of Philip Dormer, fourth Earl of Chesterfield, to his godson and successor. Now first edited from the originals, with a memoir of Lord Chesterfield, by the Earl of Carnarvon. With portraits and illustrations. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press, 1890.

THE Earl of Carnarvon and his publishers have given us so much in their new series of letters by Lord Chesterfield that it is a great pity that they did not go on and give us one thing more. They have had them reproduced with great accuracy in a volume finely printed, finely illustrated, and finely bound. The outside of the book is adorned in the middle with his lordship's coat of arms and signature, and in the corners with coronets, while in the inside there is a facsimile of one of the letters so artfully executed that it might almost deceive a dealer in autographs. An accomplished scholar has been secured as index-maker and the index is faultless. Had they only secured a scholar for editor

they would indeed have deserved well of the literary world. In the choice which they have made, they have, we suppose, acted up to the principle embodied in the line:—

"Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat."

Who edits an earl, we can suppose them saying, should be an earl himself. It is true that Lord Carnarvon has had a second motive in undertaking the task. He is somewhat tardily, though piously, fulfilling the wishes of his father-in-law, the sixth Earl of Chesterfield. Nevertheless, the fondness of a deceased father-in-law is not an unerring guide in points of literature. It would have been well to have had in addition to his good wishes some critical faculty, some accuracy of mind, and some acquaintance with the chief writers of the eighteenth century. It is true that the risk run by a noble editor and his publishers is not very great, for the world holds with Johnson "that when a man of rank appears as a candidate for literary fame he deserves to have his merit handsomely allowed." Had Lord Carnarvon published his poems or a tragedy he would not perhaps have been received with that chorus of praise which has rewarded his labour. As an editor of an author of whom most of his critics are as ignorant even as himself he is on safer grounds. In a brief memoir and a few scattered notes an amateur editor can scarcely go beyond blundering and dulness. Lord Carnarvon in not a single line raises a laugh, "that shocking distortion of the face" which the godson's godfather so often and so properly condemned. In all that he writes he is dignified, though ignorant, and never offends against the Graces, however careless he may be of the Muses. In his style there is a kind of tip-toe stateliness which is almost impressive. It is not Gibbon, and it is not a strut, but it is something between the two.

The picture which he has drawn of the aged and penitent Earl "in the sunset of life" has never been surpassed in the whole literature of religious tracts. We see the once-wicked nobleman softened by "private sorrows and public disappointments, and the heavy hand of age;" moulding his godson "to all that was great, and courtly, and noble;" shocked at the profane habit of swearing; "never tired of dwelling on the inseparable connection which ought to exist between the duties that a Christian owes to God and his fellow-men in all the mixed relations of life," and strong in the defence of the Decalogue—the seventh commandment this time included. The very title that is given to the Letters is suggestive of the Catechism, and recalls the obligation which Lord Chesterfield took upon himself at the child's baptism. Piety in the peerage is no less pleasing than piety in patters; nevertheless this picture of the penitent nobleman must, we fear, yield to the touch of criticism. It is only in Lord Carnarvon's imagination that this difference between Chesterfield's earlier and later years exists. His "Letters to his Son" were described by Horace Walpole as indeed "The Whole Duty of Man adapted to the Meanest Capacities." That in this second series only part of this duty is expounded is due not to any change in the doctrine, but to the age of the disciple. When the correspondence comes to a close the godson was only a boy of thirteen or fourteen. Had it gone on for three or four years longer we should, no doubt, have seen inculcated that

particular kind of refining influence which Chesterfield calls gallantry; the Church and the Courts of Law, adultery; and honest men, villainy. In the "Letters to his Son," virtue and religion are enjoined almost, if not quite, as forcibly as in those to his godson. Twenty years before he wrote those passages which convince Lord Carnarvon of his conversion, he had earnestly recommended to his son "the invariable practice of virtue; for it is in every man's power, and miserable is the man who has it not." Scattered throughout the correspondence are such passages as the following:—"I hope in God and I verily believe that you want no moral virtue;" "Let no quibbles of lawyers, no refinements of casuists break into the plain notions of right and wrong;" "Many New Years, indeed, you may see, but happy ones you cannot see without deserving them. These, virtue, honour, and knowledge alone can merit, alone can procure." He attacks those "libertine notions which strike at religions equally, and are the poor threadbare topics of half-wits and minute philosophers." It is amusing, but not surprising, to see that in an admiration of Chesterfield's virtues as a teacher of youth Lord Carnarvon is anticipated by the editor of these early Letters. "His lordship," she says, "ever anxious to fix in his son a scrupulous adherence to the strictest morality, appears to have thought it the first and most indispensable object to lay a firm foundation in good principles and sound religion."

In all this there was no hypocrisy. What Chesterfield laboured year after year to give his son was "perfection." The most perfect being he defined as "a man of parts and knowledge, who acquires the easy and noble manners of a court." This perfection of nature could only be raised on a solid foundation of learning and virtue; it was to be carried to its full height by a knowledge of the world and completed by the Graces. Unfortunately for certain parts of old-fashioned morality it was only through pleasure that the Graces could do their work. In the last two years of a young man's training, when perfection, if ever, is to be won, "pleasures become the most necessary part of education." As Chesterfield frees his son from the guidance of a tutor and turns him loose in Paris at the age of eighteen he writes to him:—"Pleasure will soften and polish your manners; it will make you pursue and at last overtake the Graces." In this system, by which the perfect being—the perfect male being—is created, women play an important part. Without their aid the Graces cannot be successfully wooed. It is here that the baseness of the man is most seen. Of women of virtue and worth he knew nothing. He tells his son that "the universal characteristics of women are vanity and love." "Every man is to be had one way or another, and every woman almost any way." Such are the general maxims which he lays down. He had begun some months earlier by throwing out hints of what he calls "the elegant pleasures of a rational being," and he ends by recommending this youth of eighteen to try to seduce a certain young lady, of whom he knows nothing but that she has been scrupulously faithful to her husband, though she has been married to him a whole year.

Such men as Chesterfield never undergo in their old age that change which Lord Carnarvon soothes himself by imagining. It was not so much his heart as his understanding that was in fault. He was not an

unkind man; towards his son he was not only affectionate, but even tender. It was his theory of life that was rotten. The virtues which he understood, he urged with almost as much vehemence and persistency as Wesley or Whitefield. That old age and the approach of death dispersed the mist from his mind is incredible in itself, and is not supported by the slightest evidence. On the contrary, this virtuous godpapa, in the same week in which he was telling his godson how "simple and plain were religious and moral duties," how they "consisted in fearing and loving the Creator and in observing His laws which He has writ in every man's heart," in this same week advised the boy's father, who was a widower, not to marry a second time, as he was purposing, but "to follow the sacred example of the ancient patriarchs, and take a handmaid." In the last letter to his godson he shows that his system was unchanged. "I would have you lead," he wrote, "a youth of pleasures; but then for your sake I would have them elegant pleasures, becoming a man of sense and a gentleman; they will never sully nor disgrace your character." To ordinary readers this fine sentiment seems, no doubt, a noble close to the counsels of this aged and penitent peer and godfather. But he who is familiar with his writings knows that among the elegant pleasures which disgrace and sully the character was not reckoned adultery, so long as it was committed with a woman of fashion and was kept secret.

In the account of Johnson's dealings with Chesterfield, Lord Carnarvon manages to pack a great many errors into a very small space. He has read far enough in his Boswell to discover the story about Johnson's anger at seeing Colley Cibber preferred to him, but he stopped short of the place where we are assured that for this tale there is no foundation. He says that Johnson sought Chesterfield's patronage, whereas it was sought not by Johnson, but by his publisher Dodsley. Johnson, who had neglected to write his *Plan* by the time appointed, laid hold of Dodsley's suggestion that it should be inscribed to Chesterfield as a pretext for delay. He says that Johnson "dedicated his great lexicon to Chesterfield." He did not dedicate his great Lexicon—Dictionary he called it—to Chesterfield or to anyone else. He says "he was distinctly the gainer by Chesterfield's laudatory articles in the *World*." In money certainly he gained nothing, for he had no share in the profits of the dictionary. In fame what could he gain by a puff which would have disgraced a quack doctor? Chesterfield recommends Johnson and his dictionary by telling a silly story of an assignation between a fine gentleman and a fine lady which had failed on account of an ill-spelt letter. The sarcasm with which Chesterfield repaid Johnson exists only in Lord Carnarvon's imagination. Johnson's attack on Chesterfield was dated February 7, 1755, while the supposed reply was written on February 28, 1751. Lord Carnarvon still believes that by "the respectable Hottentot" in Chesterfield's Letters, Johnson was meant. He refers, indeed, to Dr. G. Birkbeck Hill's arguments against that supposition, but without answering them avows that his own opinion is not changed. Yet Mr. Napier in his edition of Boswell owns that he is convinced. Leigh Hunt tells a story of the governor of the gaol in which he underwent

his imprisonment, who used always to pronounce Brougham *Bruffem*. One day a light broke in upon the man. He suddenly exclaimed, "They, it seems, calls it *Broom*, I calls it *Bruffem*." In like manner we can conceive Lord Carnarvon saying: "These editors say Johnson was not 'the respectable Hottentot'; I say he was." Whoever he was, he was a man who frequented not only Chesterfield's house, but his table, and with whom he had long been on the most intimate terms. He describes his mode of eating; yet Johnson he had never seen eat in his life. In two earlier letters the same man had been mentioned under the name of L——. It can scarcely be doubted that the old original "respectable Hottentot" was that first Lord Lyttelton who is absurdly described by Lord Carnarvon as "distinguished both in politics and letters among the many distinguished men of his generation."

Other passages which we had marked for criticism we must pass over through want of space. We can only regret that a volume so interesting in itself, so admirably printed, and adorned with such fine illustrations, should have suffered through the incompetency and ignorance of its editor.

GOVERNOR BOWEN'S CAREER.

THIRTY YEARS OF COLONIAL GOVERNMENT. From the official papers of the Right Hon. Sir G. F. Bowen, G.C.M.G. Edited by Stanley Lane-Poole. London: Longmans & Co.

THIS is a book which all who concern themselves with the development of the British Empire will read with interest. It is the record of a long official life spent in a singularly varied service. The story is told mainly through letters and despatches which contain the fruits of Sir George Bowen's experience as a representative of the Crown in Queensland, New Zealand, Victoria, Mauritius, and Hong Kong. There is also an account of his work in other capacities in the Ionian Islands and in Malta. We could almost have wished that Sir George had left his letters to tell their own tale. They set forth with great clearness the many transactions in which he took a prominent part, and although we may easily find fault with the florid and at times rather bombastic rhetoric with which they are embellished, yet they will give to stay-at-home Englishmen a sufficiently accurate idea of the kind of problems which have to be solved in the founding and maintaining of our Colonial Empire. The editor, by way of preface, contributes a rather fulsome sketch of Sir George's career and accomplishments, which we might have been spared without any very serious damage to the value of the book. The narrative passages which connect the various despatches are not always very well calculated to assist us in following out the story, and the book is overloaded with long quotations from speeches delivered on all sorts of occasions which might well have been omitted. Sir George Bowen is a fluent and graceful speaker, an accomplished man of the world, and a brilliant scholar with a perfect genius for apt quotation. But apart from a display of these gifts, there is very little in the addresses here preserved which are of much permanent value. The truth is, there is only one kind of speech which it is possible for a Colonial Governor to make. Sir George made it as well as it could be made, but like every one in a similar posi-

tion, often found it necessary to be safely dull in order to avoid an originality which might have been compromising. What, however, his speeches lack, is amply made up in his letters. He seems to have been a voluminous correspondent, and his letters contain bright and sparkling descriptions of the places he has seen and the people he has met in all parts of the world, about almost all of whom he has delightfully funny stories to tell. Specially valuable to the student of Australian history are his letters from Queensland between 1860 and 1867. He was, during that time, governor of Queensland, then newly separated from New South Wales. Here his career was all success, though, no doubt, much of it was due to the energy and distinguished ability of Sir Robert Herbert, his first premier, and of Sir Charles Nicholson, the first president of his Council. Happily, these three founders of the Government of Queensland are still amongst us. They have lived to see a growth of which they probably hardly dared to dream. He would have been a bold man who would have predicted in 1859, when they started their new Colony with a capital in the Treasury of exactly 7½d., that in 1889 they would see Queensland with a yearly revenue of some £3,000,000.

Amongst Sir George's letters from Queensland is one to Mr. Cobden, containing a cordial invitation to himself and Mr. Bright to pay a visit to the Colonies. We respectfully commend to our readers Sir George's wise opinion that if one or two English Radical statesmen could meet some of the Australian Radicals on their own ground it would do a vast deal of good to both parties. Nothing could be more injurious to the cause of the Empire than the feeling, so prevalent in the Colonies some year since, that English Radicals were indifferent to the connection between us and our Colonies. From Queensland Sir George Bowen was sent in 1868 to New Zealand. His letters graphically describe the gradual settling down of the country after the Maori rebellion. Here, too, we find further evidence of his care lest the Colonies should feel themselves slighted by the Home Government in his remonstrances against the tone of the correspondence from the Colonial Office, and in his warm appreciation of a subsequent return under Lord Granville to more courteous ways.

But what proved to be his most difficult task was still before him when in 1873 he was promoted to be Governor of Victoria. He came to England on leave in 1875, leaving the colony in a state of perfectly tranquil prosperity, and returned in 1876 to find it in the midst of what was described as a political typhoon, which was only the prelude of the still greater disturbance of the political atmosphere in 1877. A battle royal commenced in that year between the Legislative Assembly and the Council on the question of the payment of members of Parliament. In 1871 both Houses had passed an Act securing each member a payment of £300 a year till 1874. In 1874 the Act was renewed for a further period of three years. The majority of the Council in 1877 were convinced that the experiment had failed, and were determined to put an end to the system, while the majority of the Assembly were equally resolute in their opinion that the Act had worked well and should be continued. Knowing the state of opinion in the Council, and that it would be impossible

to induce them to pass another measure for the payment of members, Mr. Berry's ministry resolved to place the necessary sum on the estimates for the year. Sir George Bowen consulted the Colonial Office. Lord Carnarvon, then Colonial secretary, told him, very properly, that the payment of members in Victoria was a purely local concern, and that he must be guided by his responsible advisers. Sir George thereupon signed the warrant necessary to enable the Assembly to consider the estimates. The Council, however, refused to pass the Appropriation Bill, and after much angry discussion the ministry resolved on the extreme step of making wholesale reductions in the Civil Service in order to retain funds for the absolutely necessary work of government. Sir George's letters show that he had grave doubts as to the wisdom of this policy, but, being assured of its legality, felt it his duty to permit his ministers to take their own way, defining his position very clearly in a memorandum published in the second volume of this book (p. 94). His action raised a storm of opposition amongst a section of the people of Victoria. Deputations were sent to Downing Street to arraign his policy, and he was denounced as an enemy of order, and accused of complicity with the Radical party in the Assembly. Sir M. Hicks Beach, who meanwhile had succeeded Lord Carnarvon, took an entirely erroneous view of the situation, and conveyed to Sir George his opinion that it would have been better had he declined to allow his ministry to dismiss the civil servants. It is obvious that, being once satisfied as to the legality of the action, the governor had no option but to follow the advice of his responsible ministers. There was no question but that they were supported by popular opinion, and a refusal to permit them to take their own course would have led to a most dangerous agitation against the Imperial authority. It seems to us that in this most difficult crisis of his career Sir George well carried out the excellent instructions given him years before by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, in refusing to allow himself to be either cajoled or frightened into assuming any other position than that of the representative of a constitutional monarch with no right to interfere so long as the law was not broken. From Victoria Sir George went to Mauritius, and thence to Hong Kong, finally returning to England in 1887 with a view, we are told, of entering public life.

It would be a good day for England if all her public men were endowed with a capacity to take lessons from the Colonies. Speaking at a banquet in his honour in 1875, Sir George Bowen quotes with approval an opinion to the effect that if Englishmen want to know what England will be fifty years hence, they had better study what Australia is to-day. There they will find the practical working out of many of the problems which vex us here. Free Education, Eight Hours, Manhood Suffrage, Payment of Members—questions which with us are still matters of debate—are there actually solved. Their results can be seen and tested and we can thus foretell with something like accuracy their effect amongst our own people at home. The editor tells us that above all this book will have attained its object if it assists the cause of Imperial Federation. In our view no book has ever been written which shows more

clearly the difficulties in the way of any practicable scheme of Federation. In an appendix to his book Sir George publishes an address of his before the Royal Colonial Institute on this subject. There he points out that the initial movement must first come from the Colonies themselves. We have all been interested in reading the recent speeches of Sir Henry Parkes, the premier of New South Wales, in advocacy of a Federated Australia. That we think we are likely enough some time to see. But we are sceptical as to the possibility of an Imperial Federation until our statesmen see fit to adapt the foreign policy of this country rather to the necessities of the Empire at large than to the wishes or feelings of England alone. The Colonies have no interest in dynastic squabbles, they do not care for the integrity of Belgium, nor are they interested in our perpetual interference with the affairs of Eastern Europe. If the Empire is to be federated, England must be content to regard herself as merely one of the great English-speaking family of nations. We do not believe that many of our statesmen are prepared to accept this view, nor do we think Englishmen as a whole are ready to withdraw from the councils of Europe. Till they are, federation must remain a dream of the distant future. But meanwhile no greater service can be rendered to the Empire than to set plainly before our people the principles which should rule us in the government of our great dependencies, and Sir George Bowen has well done his share of this important work.

SEMITIC RELIGIONS.

RELIGION OF THE SEMITES. First Series: The Fundamental Institutions. By W. Robertson Smith, M.A., LL.D. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black. 1889.

THE religion of the Semitic peoples has not yet been discussed, or has not been discussed by competent persons in the light of anthropological discovery. Two hundred years ago, Dr. Spencer, Master of C. C. C. in Cambridge, did, indeed, write a learned Latin work on Hebrew Ritual. Spencer showed that the Hebrew ritual laws were, so to speak, a divinely sanctioned selection and adaptation of ideas common to the ancient peoples in general. The analogies between Hebrew sacred customs and those of the ruder races in America and Africa were constantly presenting themselves to travellers and missionaries. Circumcision, certain rules about women, certain curious prohibitions (taboos), festivals, holidays, were found among Hurons as well as among the Children of Israel; hence backward races everywhere were hailed as the Lost Tribes. But Spencer's view was neglected, and it has been left for Dr. Robertson Smith to compare, in his Burnet lectures, the whole Hebrew body of faith and practice with that of other Semites, and, indeed, of races and tribes in general. He believes that criticism has now discovered the historical order of the Old Testament documents, and can trace the growth of Old Testament religion. We confess to being less certain than Dr. Robertson Smith on this subject; still, enough is known, or plausibly conjectured, to justify a provisional application of the comparative method.

Dr. Robertson Smith begins, and this is all but a novelty, with the Institutions of Semitic worship. Whatever, at any time, the Semites believed, at least we do know

what, at various times, they practised. These rites, which may be called certain facts, Dr. Robertson Smith compares with the fragments of Arabian heathenism, as it was before the time of the Prophet, with Phœnician and Syrian antiquities, and with the usages of races whose "culture" is "early," whatever their date. He had already laid a foundation in his "Kinship and Marriage in Early Arabia," where he proved, to the satisfaction of some qualified critics, that the Semites had passed through that ancient form of the family where kin is reckoned through women. He also showed, with more or less plausibility, that Semite history and religion contain relics of Totemism, that archaic and world-wide institution. The cuneiform documents of Assyria Dr. Robertson Smith uses with caution. Enormously ancient as the Babylonian material is, nothing can be less primitive than Babylonian society. The faith was as artificial as the official religion of Egypt, itself a tissue of archaic matter and priestly interpretation. Moreover, the proportion of true Semitic elements in ancient Babylonian and Assyrian religion is much disputed, and, in this obscure field, professional Assyriologists are, inevitably, far from being unanimous. In the background of Babylonian faith Professor Joyce discovers Totemism, the most archaic doctrine we know about; but perhaps orthodox Totemists are rather pleased than convinced by his arguments. This side of the topic is, therefore, left in shadow by Dr. Robertson Smith. A not undiverting little skirmish in this topic is being fought by those learned men in the congenial cockpit of the *Academy*.

It is difficult, perhaps impossible, to analyse fairly and briefly so large a work, on matters so complex, and so little understood of the people. Dr. Robertson Smith starts with ritual, with the sacred acts of sacrifice and so forth. These were often not understood by the priests themselves, who explained the ritual by all manner of inconsistent "sacred stories." Generally we know better what the ritual meant than the priests did themselves, for we discover similar performances among backward races, Australian, Red Indian, Maori, Zulus, where the beliefs and mental condition of the people afford clear and obvious interpretations of their conduct. These conditions had ceased to exist among the early civilised peoples, who kept up practices which they no longer understood.

For example, the time had been when the tribe, or kin, was of one blood, with its protecting plant, animal, or what not, and, some think later, with its God, its divine ancestor. We are not disposed to believe that the God is a later development than the ancestral plant or animal (Totem); but it seems pretty plain that Totem and God were looked on with similar feelings of affection, and similar sentiment of sharing in a common kindred. "A physical kinship unites the human and superhuman members of the same religious and social communities;" but Dr. Robertson Smith does not think that the kinship was originally that of fatherhood. This he disbelieves, because the "matrimonial" form of the family was the earliest. That is probably true; but fatherhood cannot but have been practically recognised as soon as the father provided for his offspring, which is early enough, in all conscience. Among existing races where the mother is still the nominal centre and head

of the family, the God is recognised as a father now—in Australia, for example, where the Pundjel's wife is of no account, though the society is "matrimonial." Therefore, for all practical purposes, we prefer to believe that the degree of kin between the God, or Totem, and the community, was already that of father and children at a date extremely remote. However this may be, the early community is akin by blood to its God, and religion was already "a moral force, the powers that man reveres were already on the side of social order and tribal law." We entirely agree with Dr. Robertson Smith that fear was not the first maker of Gods; it was not in fear, but in loving reverence for a Being akin to his worshippers, that they approached him. And how did they approach him? Mainly in sacrifice, which, in the author's view, is primarily a communion-feast. This is not the usual theory of sacrifice, which people commonly regard as a gift to the God, or a fine paid to the God, and these theories were certainly entertained by the old Semites themselves. But Dr. Robertson Smith traces the development of the ancient kindred-feast, divine and human, into those other, and in his opinion later, forms of the rite. He is much served in the explanation for things "holy" and "unclean" by a study of the custom of Taboo, which underlies so many of our institutions, from property to boycotting. His pages on sacred streams, trees, places, stones, and other matters are very valuable, but cannot possibly be analysed in the space of a brief review. His main strongholds are—sacrifice, "as the stated means of converse between God and man;" Totemism, as explaining many of the practices of sacrifice; and Taboo, as illustrating the origin of things holy and unclean. All sacrifices laid on the altar were, originally, food of the God, though the Hebrew genius protested (Psalm i.) against this materialism. The crudest form of the rite is the feeding of Totem animals, as, when, in Peru, men gave themselves to be eaten by carnivorous Totems. "In old Israel," as in Homeric Greece, "all slaughter was sacrifice, and a man could never eat beef or mutton except as a religious act;" "the God and his worshippers are commensals," have tasted each other's salt. The act was communal; a man would not sacrifice, as a rule, for himself and his own dinner. Indeed, the life of the domestic animal chiefly bred by this tribe or that was more or less sacred—the ox, the sheep, was a sort of kinsman—and also a kind of holy animal. Dr. Robertson illustrates from African and Indian peoples the lament over the slaughtered buffalo or heifer. He might also have cited the sacrifice by Nestor (Odyssey, iii. 450), where the women wail when the heifer is smitten—

αἱ δ' ὀλόλυξαν
θηγάτρεις τε βοῖ, τε καὶ αἰδυνή παράκλυται
Νέστορος.

Dr. Robertson Smith points out, in an interesting passage, the diffusion of an old belief, as of the Golden Age, that "the habit of slaughtering animals and eating flesh is a departure from the laws of primitive piety," a scruple not applying to game, but to domestic animals. From Attic rites and traditions he establishes this belief in Athens. As for the Hebrews, "after the Flood man receives the right to kill and eat animals, if their blood is poured upon the

ground," but in the original Hebrew legend the sacrifice of domestic animals must have been "connected with a fall from the state of pristine innocence." Then he comes round to the belief that the sacrifice, in origin, was not only a kindred feast of God and man, but a sacrament, the animal killed having a sacro-sanct character, "too holy to be slain and eaten without a religious purpose, and without the consent and active participation of the whole clan." This very idea is found extant in the annual sacrifice of the sacred buzzard by a people of Central America; in all the villages the Totem buzzard is killed once a year, and everywhere is fabled to be the same buzzard.

But we have also the beasts *not* to be sacrificed, the Taboo or unclean beasts. These came to be sacrificed, by a recrudescence of ancient superstition, when the friendly genial religion broke down under national disaster, in the seventh century. These beasts are not domesticated, but wild. As we understand our author, men began, in savagery, with wild beast Totems, transferred their allegiance in the pastoral stage to domesticated cattle, allowed their sacrifice to dwindle into ordinary cooking, and then, in moments of revived superstition, fell back on peculiar and mysterious sacrifices of the old original Totem beasts. Examples are given from the mystic rites of the Roman Empire. Among the Hebrews, in their national disasters, "strange sacrifices of unclean animals, the swine, dog, mouse, and other vermin" were revived, and were censured by Isaiah and Ezekiel (Isaiah lvi. 3; lvi. 3, 17; Ezek. viii. 12). "Here, therefore, we have a clear case of the re-emergence into the light of day of a cult of the most primitive Totem type, which had been banished for centuries from public religion, but must have been kept alive in obscure circles of private or local superstition, and sprang up again on the ruins of the national faith, like some noxious weed in the courts of a deserted temple."

Space forbids a discussion of human sacrifice, as understood by Dr. Robertson Smith, perhaps too briefly for so important an affair. But his book is not too short, and in manner, perhaps, is occasionally rather cumbrous, and lacking in brightness and speed, but the subjects are so obscure and so unfamiliar that even M. Renan might have stumbled slowly among them. Probably this is the most learned work ever written on religion from the anthropological side.

HYPNOTIC FICTION.

1. MASTER OF HIS FATE. By J. Maclaren Cobban. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons. 1890.
2. THE CONQUEST OF THE MOON; A STORY OF THE BAYOU. By A. Laurie. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle and Rivington. 1889.

MR. JULIUS COURTNEY, we learn from the first chapter of *Master of his Fate*, was no ordinary man. In personal appearance he was just as tall and well built as other heroes, but hair was his speciality. "His black hair (which was not cropped short, as is the fashion) had a lustrous softness, and at the same time an elastic bushiness, which nothing but the finest-tempered health can give." In conversation he appears to have been excessively impertinent and rather ill-bred; yet the members of the Hyacinth Club, to which he belonged, loved and admired him. In the smoking-room, we are

told, "a smile of expectant enjoyment passed around" when the "bright vivacity" of Mr. Courtney's eye "forewarned the circle of one of his eloquent flashes": if one may judge from the sample with which Mr. Cobban favours us at this point, "eloquent flashes" should be "flashy eloquence." Mr. Courtney was supposed to be rich. It was not known that he had ever done anything in particular, but he was credited with great potentialities. "If you liked," said his friend, Dr. Lefevre, to him, "you could be the greatest physician of the age." Dr. Lefevre was drinking tea at the time. Julius had refused to share the tea, and had said that tea did not agree with him. He also refused to be the greatest physician of the age. He preferred to nurse the club cat and to bury his cheek in his soft fur. It was a Persian cat, otherwise the fur would probably have proved inadequate. If Mr. Courtney could only have decently interred the rest of himself in the same place and at the same time, the patient reader would have been spared much sham science, morbid nonsense under the style and title of philosophy, and an obvious but inferior imitation of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*.

But the first chapter does not end here. Dr. Lefevre, with his mother, his sister, and Mr. Courtney, went for a drive in the Park. Miss Lefevre had "a stimulating and intoxicating influence" upon Mr. Courtney, and in consequence "his face shone as if with an inner light." The book really ought to have been illustrated. One is hardly surprised to learn on the following page that "when they entered the Park they were the observed of all." From the Park they drove to the Zoological Gardens. Here his example encouraged the ladies to feed the deer, "and to feel the suffusion of pleasure derived from the contact of their soft lips with the palm of the hand." Mr. Courtney performed one or two very pretty tricks with wild beasts. Much may be done by kindness, but one cannot help thinking that an illuminated face must prove a great assistance on such occasions. A lioness and a leopard were both fascinated by Mr. Courtney; so also was Miss Lefevre, who "stood a little aloof, regarding Julius in an ecstasy of admiration." Lady Lefevre noticed this, and asked her son to find out who Mr. Courtney was, in case anything should come of it.

Dr. Lefevre did find out ultimately. Mr. Courtney was in the habit of gaining a precarious living by hypnotising casual strangers, and then extracting their vitality by a process of his own invention. When he had procured a recent dose of vitality, he was the young and coruscating Courtney; when that dose was consumed, he became the old and decrepid "M. Dolaro," whose "hair, which should have been black, looked lustreless and bleached." The cowardly suicide of this poor creature at the end of the book fails to make us feel the least sympathy with a hero whom we only do not detest because it is impossible to detest anything so unreal.

The book appeared in a magazine which is deservedly popular. It is written with some spirit, and will probably interest those who follow the fashion of the day in literature. When may we hope that the fashion will change? It can never have been a very pleasant thing to see these poor psychological problems so ill-treated by so many novelists. Equipped with as much information as may be obtained in a hand-

book of the subject, the writer rushes in where the trained doctor fears to tread. He may frighten a hysterical housemaid; he may satisfy the lowest craving that the worst taste in literature can produce; he may amuse or disgust a medical man. He will probably do all these things, but do not let him delude himself. His delirious fancies are not original imagination, neither can his small talks about large things be considered a useful discussion of any problem. It may betray a good memory, but it proves no great research. Mr. Cobban's book is not the best of its class, neither is it the worst. It is a fair sample of the kind of book which is popular to-day, and which, it is to be hoped, will be unpopular to-morrow. One can hardly take leave of Mr. Julius Courtney's hair without noticing that on one occasion, when its owner was playing the piano, it "rose and clung in wavy locks, so that he seemed a very Gorgon's head." It is quite a pity that there are no illustrations.

The Conquest of the Moon is very much illustrated. Here also hypnotism is used. It does not form the main interest of the story, but seems to be simply suggested as one explanation of a few impossibilities which might otherwise have proved intolerable. The book commences with an apology. Such apologies are so irritating that they almost drive one into proving that the irritation has not affected one's impartiality. Yet if a book is to be praised at all, it should be praised for other reasons. Mr. Laurie apologises for writing about the moon. He is perfectly free to write about the moon until he is tired if he likes; especially if, as on this occasion, he has a really new idea. There is no need to spoil his story by saying what this idea is. The main difficulty into which he is led is that in the year 1884, according to his story, the moon was brought almost into contact with the earth, without any notice being taken of the fact by astronomers. Very few boys would be particular about such a trifle, and the story is written for boys, and was published in a boys' paper. In a story about the moon they do not mind a few sheer impossibilities; they forgive them, or—which is more probable—they never notice them. But Mr. Laurie suggests hypnotism as an explanation. Hypnotism is an imperfectly understood subject at present, but those who know most about it are agreed on one point: that it is a very dangerous plaything. It can hardly be desirable that any attempt should be made to interest boys in anything of the sort. It is true that Mr. Laurie never gives any information as to the method by which hypnotism was caused in this case; if he had given the most careful and accurate information, it would not in all probability have enabled any boy to hypnotise another. But the interest in the subject is either scientific or morbid. Now, Mr. Laurie's hypnotism and the mind of the average boy are neither of them very scientific. In other respects *The Conquest of the Moon* can do no harm, and will delight most boys and many fathers of boys. The characters remember to say "thou" for "you" in the tragic parts. The love-making, of which there is very little, is of the most innocuous order. Some of the incidents of Gordon's life are woven or—to speak more correctly—pitchforked into the story.

The same feeling which makes his sister read fairy stories makes the schoolboy cry for the moon. Mr. Laurie indulgently gives it to him. The desire for the marvellous is

natural to youth; but there seems to be some probability that the poor boy of this generation is to have nothing else, in which case he will soon become a *blasé* little prig, with a tendency towards psychical research, a profound contempt for the thing which is, and a craving to know more of the thing which may be, probably is not, and in neither case concerns him in the least. One can easily understand how boys grew tired at last of the stolen pencil-case, the copied theme, the exciting match, and the pathetic death-bed; but a tale of ordinary school-life is still possible, which should contain few or none of these well-worn incidents, and yet be extremely interesting. It would not be requisite for the author to show how much he did not know about hypnotism. Freed, too, from the necessity of stringing together adventures, he would be able to bestow some little attention on the literary character of his work. A description of the ordinary life of real boys might be made quite as interesting as any account of the doings of certain dummies in Africa. Such a book would be a welcome change. Perhaps Mr. Laurie, or somebody else, will kindly oblige us.

A LONDON JOURNALIST.

JAMES MACDONELL, JOURNALIST. By W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1890.

EVEN in these days of self-advertisement and blatant publicity a certain degree of reticence and mystery still attaches to English journalism. The best writers in our newspapers are almost unknown to the outer world. In certain circles in London their names are familiar, and they enjoy a reputation which is enhanced by the very manner in which it is limited. But outside these narrow circles they live in something like obscurity. Speaking day by day to the city and the world, they are heard but never seen, their identity being merged in that of the journal which carries their words to the four quarters of the earth, and it is seldom that the veil is withdrawn and their personality revealed to the public at large until death puts an end to all further need for concealment. Then the reader learns vaguely that So-and-so, who has long been a writer in this or the other paper, has passed away, and he perhaps wonders at the warmth of the eulogies pronounced upon one of whose very existence he had, until that moment, been in ignorance. Nor is it easy for the uninitiated to perceive the loss which the death of such a man entails. The trumpet which has fallen from the lips of one brave soldier is straightway seized by a comrade in the ranks, and if perchance the strain which is poured forth from it is not so melodious as that which stirred the hearts of those who listened yesterday, it is only by a few that the difference is detected, or that a thought is given to the man who has died at his post.

More than ten years have passed since a brief paragraph in the *Times* announced to the world the death of James Macdonell. The vast majority of the readers of the *Times*, it is to be feared, received the news with the indifference which is begotten of entire ignorance. They had never heard the name of Mr. Macdonell before; they knew nothing of the man or of his work, and, having read the announcement of his sudden death, they forthwith made haste to forget

him. But to the better part of London journalism the few lines which told how Macdonell had fallen in the midst of the fight conveyed the news of no ordinary calamity. "The announcement in yesterday's paper struck me like a severe physical blow," wrote Mr. Hutton to the dead man's widow, and many another journalist of less distinction than Mr. Hutton felt as he did. Those who stood "behind the scenes" in the newspaper world knew that a great man had fallen, that one of the brightest and purest spirits of our time had passed away, and that the English Press had suffered a loss which could never be wholly made good again.

Mr. Macdonell's career furnishes so thoroughly typical an example of the life and progress of a modern journalist of the highest class, that we cannot but rejoice at the fact that an attempt has been made to put the story upon record. Even though the record itself be an imperfect one, leaving large gaps in the narrative of Macdonell's labours, and hardly doing justice to some of the finest features of his character, we must still be thankful that it has been written, and that the men and women of a later generation will not be left wholly ignorant of one whose voice for a number of years was a potent factor in our national life. Nothing can be simpler than the personal history of Mr. Macdonell as it is made known to us in Mr. Nicoll's volume. He was born in 1842 in an Aberdeenshire village, his father being an excise officer. His education, so far as it was given by others, was that of the middle-class Scotch schoolboy who has to make his own way in the world, and who must therefore turn his back upon all thoughts of a university career. Whilst still in his teens he was "sent to business" as a clerk in Aberdeen, and from that time until the hour of his death such knowledge as he acquired could only be gained in the brief intervals of leisure which the man of business knows. It was a hard lot, surely, but it was one which has moulded some of the finest characters in Scottish history, and it had no warping or narrowing influence upon Macdonell. Conscientiously doing his clerk's drudgery during the day, the youth spent his evening hours in the study, for which he had a natural passion, and before he had reached the age of manhood he had not only succeeded in impressing those around him as a person of brilliant promise, but had acquired something more than a merely respectable knowledge of the classics, of philosophy, and of literature.

The death of his father, in 1861, left him practically the head of the household, with a widowed mother and eight brothers and sisters largely dependent upon him; so to journalism he forthwith devoted himself, as the only means by which his powers could be turned to immediate profit. His first experience of newspaper work was in Edinburgh, where he obtained an engagement on the *Daily Review*. Here he learned something of that drudgery of journalism—sub-editing—the burden of which is sufficient to crush the spirit out of any one whose heart is not in his vocation. But he made a little money—enough to enable him to send something to the fatherless family in Aberdeen—and he felt that at any rate he was somebody in the world, no mere spectator, but an actor, in however humble a capacity, in the great drama. After some months of this life a better opening was made for

him. He went to Newcastle-on-Tyne to edit the *Northern Daily Express*, the first daily paper published in the English provinces. He had not been long in the Northumbrian capital before he began to make his mark. The original editor of the paper had been a man of great genius, Mr. Manson, whose journalistic work, in its own peculiar line, would bear comparison with that of any of his contemporaries. After his retirement the paper had gone down, and upon Macdonell devolved the task of reviving its fallen fortunes. There are some in the northern town who can still recall the wonder and delight with which they perceived the refreshing change which had come over their daily paper, and recognised not only the fine literary flavour which suddenly began to characterise the leading columns, but the generous enthusiasm which inspired them. By-and-by it became known that the new editor, who was thus making himself a real power in a great community, was a youth of twenty-one, who by reason of the delicate refinement of his features and the slenderness of his immature frame looked still younger than his years. It might have been well for Macdonell if he had lived out his life at Newcastle, for assuredly there are very few positions open to the "self-made" man in which he can attain a more powerful and enviable position than that of editor of a provincial daily paper. It is true that the sphere of his action is narrower than that of the writer for the London press; but his influence is infinitely more direct and immediate, and its fruits more plainly apparent. Moreover the provincial editor is no "man in a mask;" he is known to everybody in the community in which he dwells, and if he have those high personal gifts, moral and intellectual, by which Macdonell was distinguished, he becomes a real power in a fashion wholly unknown to the London journalist, lost in the crowd of men of genius who have been drawn to the metropolis.

But the attraction of the great lodestar of London was too strong to be resisted, and so in 1866, after three years of editorship at Newcastle, Macdonell made his entrance upon the scene of his latest and his best labours. He had been offered the post of assistant-editor of the *Scotsman*, with the prospect of the succession to the editorship on the retirement of Mr. Russel—an offer the flattering character of which every Scotsman can appreciate—but it was towards London, and the great field of work which was open to him there, that his ardent inclination led him. And seldom has a young man of four-and-twenty begun a literary life here under brighter auspices than those which attended Macdonell's acceptance of a post on the editorial staff of the *Daily Telegraph*. He came with becoming modesty, believing that he would find himself among those who were infinitely superior to him in capacity and knowledge; he came too, fearing that as a man of merely provincial experience he would be looked down upon with something like contempt by his metropolitan colleagues. But very soon he found that he was the equal of the able men among whom his lot was cast, found, too, that they admitted this equality with unstinted generosity, and treated him as a brother. Those were bright days in the young journalist's life, some twenty or two-and-twenty years ago, when he first became conscious of his real powers, could feel that with his little steel pen he was

wielding a perceptible influence in the affairs of the nation, and knew that he had won the confidence and affection of many men of genius and worth among the intellectual labourers of London. Many can recall him in those days, as he talked of a night in the dingy little supper-room of a certain quasi-Bohemian club near the Strand, or better still, as he spent a quiet Saturday evening in the house of some friend, old or new. Few more interesting—we might almost say few more fascinating—figures have appeared in London in recent times; and all who can remember the extraordinary brilliancy of his conversation, starred with epigram, and brimming over with good spirits, must regret that so good a talker was lost to us so soon. But it was not his wonderfully vivid and inspiring talk that formed the chief attraction in Macdonell. It was the perfervid earnestness of his nature, his intense abhorrence of everything mean and untrue, his reverence for all things just and honest and good, that gained for him the sympathetic admiration of so many. Other journalists too could not but admire the man who regarded the platform of the press as Savonarola must have regarded his pulpit, and who felt the gravity, one might say the solemnity, of his mission as a teacher and leader of his fellow-countrymen far more keenly than many statesmen appear to do. Never to utter under the mask of anonymity a sentence that he would have shrunk from uttering in his own proper person, never by a hair's-breadth to swerve from that which he conceived to be the truth, never to jest at the serious realities of life or to seek to divert the attention of those whom he addressed day by day, from their duties as citizens and men—these seemed to be the principles by which he was guided all through his career as a journalist.

Presently literary circles in London began to hear much of him. There was an essay on "the Natural History of Morals" in the *North British Review* which set everybody talking, and which Mr. John Morley made the theme of a contribution of his own to the *Fortnightly*; this had been preceded by a paper in *Fraser* on the "Modern Spirit," so fresh, vivid, and picturesque in its style that it had attracted general admiration and made all the quidnuncs curious as to the identity of this new-comer in the world of letters. Other papers of the same kind followed, and though his name was never allowed to transpire beyond the literary circles of London, within those circles he attained a recognised position of eminence. In 1875, through the good offices of Mr. Hutton, who was his true friend throughout his career in London, he obtained an introduction to the editor of the *Times*, and almost immediately he gained the position of principal political writer upon that journal—reaching thus the goal of every young journalist's ambition. He held the post for but four years, but during those years it was a genuine delight to read the first "leader" in the *Times* on the days when Macdonell was at work. There was little, however, of the characteristic *Times* spirit about him. He chafed under the curb of Mr. Delane, and would fain have committed the great newspaper to crusades altogether alien to its favourite modes of action, and which would have led it far beyond its chosen field of work. In those days his friends saw him wearing himself out, more from the inward

fire of earnest purpose and burning enthusiasm than from the pressure of outward circumstances. To be the voice which breathed through the greatest speaking-trumpet in the world, the man whose whisper could throw half the Bourses of Europe into a panic, or inspire a downtrodden people with hopes of deliverance, was a responsibility almost too great for his delicate and highly sensitive organisation. He longed to free himself from the wear and tear of journalism, and to give himself up to study, and the writing of a book in some quiet nook in the Lake Country; and even as the hope of realising this dream shone most brightly before his eyes "God's finger touched him and he slept," passing in a moment from the arms of the wife whom he loved with so chivalrous an affection into the long rest of death. Young—he was but thirty-seven—and unknown to the general public as he was, he had, nevertheless, done a great work in his brief day, and had left behind him those memories which are better than fame or wealth.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

PITHY comments on the most recent books will be given under this heading, week by week. Such notices must of necessity be short, but there is no reason why they should be superficial. At the same time, it may be desirable occasionally to supplement, or even to modify, these "first impressions" of current literature, and therefore prompt criticism here will not preclude the expression of a more deliberate opinion when that, in our judgment, seems requisite.

Mr. Charles Duke Yonge has done well to give us a selection of the shrewd and sparkling "Letters of Horace Walpole," for Cunningham's edition—published thirty years ago—is practically inaccessible to the majority of people, as it has the disadvantage of being not only costly, but in nine volumes. Politics and society, literature and art, bricks and mortar, occupied and amused Horace Walpole through the easy course of a leisured and affluent life. The younger son of the famous Prime Minister, he inherited a considerable fortune, and so rich was he that before he was thirty he was in a position to buy Strawberry Hill, "a small house near Twickenham," as he at first describes it, but which he, as Mr. Yonge reminds us, gradually enlarged and embellished till it grew to be almost a baronial castle on a small scale. There he

gathered his antiques and curiosities, and there he erected a printing-press, from which were issued most of his own writings. He professed to despise his own literary productions, and even went so far as to declare that he had added only another name to the "list of writers who had told the world nothing but what it could as well be without." Yet such a statement was a sheer piece of affectation, at which all who knew him could afford to smile. Nobody reads his novel, "The Castle of Otranto," or his tragedy, *The Mysterious Mother*, now; but so long as wit, humour, and knowledge of the world are esteemed, Horace Walpole's "incomparable letters," as Byron termed them, will always find a host of delighted readers. Nearly two hundred of these vivacious and unconventional epistles have been selected by Mr. Yonge, and they cover a period of nearly sixty years, and every variety of subject. Literary criticism, political forecasts, and Court gossip are blended in them with cynical glimpses of English society, and droll but often spiteful comments on the chief personages who figured in it. Mr. Yonge has enriched the book with a carefully-written introduction, and some brief but scholarly notes.

Under the title of "Idylls of a Lost Village" Mr. Bridges has grouped together between thirty and forty sketches of rural life in a suburban village. He describes in a light and graceful manner the changes which creep over the aspect, the manner, and the customs of a country village as the advance-guard of London approaches it, and it enters upon its transformation scene. On the heels of the advance-guard quickly follows the invading army. "Manufacturers, regardless of the feelings of the tenants of the brand-new villas, follow with big smoky chimneys by way of artillery. Shops and beerhouses are run up, the last field is built over, and the country has become town." The suburban rector, the parish doctor, the village barber, the farmer's boy, and even the public-house dog, are all described in these pages with a touch of pleasant realism; but through the book there lingers the regret that the great city is never content to stand still.

The anonymous author of "Woodland, Moor, and Stream," is described in the preface which Mr. J. A. Owen has contributed to the book as a skilled workman who has made the study of wild creatures in their native haunts the "passion of his life and the exclusive occupation of his leisure hours." This self-educated naturalist spent his boyhood in a quaint old fishing village on the edge of the northern marshes of Kent, and the curlew, the plover, the gull, and the starling of that lonely region became his friends. Since then he has wandered through the most sequestered parts of Surrey, and made himself familiar with every mile of the Kentish coast which Turner loved to paint. He has studied the habits of the otter, the badger, and the fox, watched the flight of the birds, and tracked the heron to its haunts. We do not know why the author of this book should have withheld his name, for he not only has something to say, but knows uncommonly well how to say it. He is an accurate and skilled observer, and the breezy freshness of "woodland and moor" is suggested by the genial and graphic descriptions which he gives of his modest rambles.

Very few people have either time or patience in these busy days to wade through the twenty volumes descriptive of battles

* LETTERS OF HORACE WALPOLE. Selected and Edited by Charles Duke Yonge, M.A. Portraits. Two volumes. T. Fisher Unwin. Demy 8vo. (36s.)

IDYLLS OF A LOST VILLAGE. By J. A. Bridges. Macmillan & Co. Post 8vo. (6s.)

WOODLAND, MOOR, AND STREAM. Being the Notes of a Naturalist. Smith, Elder, and Co. Post 8vo. (5s.)

THE VICTORIES OF THE BRITISH ARMY, 1808-14. By Robert O'Byrne, F.R.G.S. Chapman and Hall. Post 8vo. (5s.)

THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY. Edited by Leslie Stephen. Vol. XXI. (Garnett—Gloucester.) Smith, Elder, and Co. Demy 8vo. (15s.)

SELECTED POEMS OF MATTHEW PRIOR. With an Introduction and Notes by Austin Dobson. Portrait. The Parchment Library. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co. (6s.)

STAR-LAND. Being Talks with Young People about the Wonders of the Heavens. By Sir R. S. Ball. Illustrated. Cassell and Co., Limited. Crown 8vo. (6s.)

and sieges contained in Napier's "History of the Peninsular War," and Gurwood's "Collection of the Duke of Wellington's Despatches." The recognition of this fact has led Mr. O'Byrne to prepare an epitome in one volume of both these famous military classics, and the work now appears as "The Victories of the British Army, 1808-14." The book is more than a mere compilation from Napier and Wellington, for in order to preserve the due sequence of events, Mr. O'Byrne has found it necessary to supplement to some extent the statements of his two chief authorities. The volume opens with an account of the battle of Vimiera, and ends with the capture of Toulouse. Military students will find Mr. O'Byrne's chapters of service, for in each instance, not only is the actual battle described, but the plan of campaign is clearly stated.

No name of the first rank, and very few of the second, are included in the new volume of "The Dictionary of National Biography" (xii., "Garnett to Gloucester"). Literature, however, can claim to be represented by Gibbon, art by Gillray, and the drama by Garrick; the "Four Georges" support the dignity of the throne, whilst theology and science are chiefly in evidence in the persons of a crowd of small fry. Nearly twelve columns are devoted to Gibbon, of whom Mr. Leslie Stephen gives an able and extremely interesting account. We are told that at Lausanne the distinguished historian "shared the enjoyments of the little society of the place; played shilling whist, gave an occasional ball, and was rather vexed than pleased when the 'fashion of viewing the glaciers' led to the 'incursions of foreigners.'" Mr. Stephen says that Gibbon's house at Lausanne was "still standing in 1868;" surely with very little trouble he might have found out whether it had been demolished during the twenty-two years which have since elapsed. One of the best articles in the volume, both from a literary and a critical point of view, is Mr. Austin Dobson's biographical sketch and estimate as a caricaturist of James Gillray—a "shy, silent, inexplicable personage, who took his pleasures in a solitary fashion." As an artist, Gillray, as Mr. Dobson points out, was remarkable for the reckless audacity of his pictorial sarcasms, as well as for the skill which he displayed in selecting the vulnerable side of his victims. Professor Ward contributes a paper on Mrs. Gaskell, but there is not much fresh information in it; disappointingly little, in fact. This is the twenty-first volume of the dictionary, and yet Mr. Leslie Stephen and his group of contributors have not shaken themselves free of the seventh letter of the alphabet. The old warning that the scale of the book is much too generous needs to be repeated; and indeed no one can examine the present instalment of this monumental work without at once perceiving that far too many "flies in amber" are preserved in its pages. At the existing rate of progress—with nineteen letters still untouched—the charm of novelty will quite have vanished from the twentieth century before it will be possible to obtain a complete set of the "Dictionary of National Biography."

That choice collection of noble books, "The Parchment Library," has received a notable addition in the shape of the "Selected Poems of Matthew Prior"—a volume which Mr. Austin Dobson has supplied with a

discriminating but picturesque introduction, and quite a number of really valuable notes. Light-hearted, genial, honest "Mat Prior" was once a pot-boy in the neighbourhood of Charing Cross; but Lord Dorset discovered his classical attainments and sent him to Cambridge, where he won a fellowship. He formed the acquaintance of Charles Montagu, afterwards Earl of Halifax, and wrote in conjunction with him the burlesque poem, "The City Mouse and Country Mouse," which was intended as a rejoinder to Dryden's "Hind and Panther." In 1691 he went to the Hague, as Secretary to the English Embassy, rising step by step in diplomacy, until he was sent by Queen Anne as Ambassador to the French Court. Towards the close of his life he wrote "Solomon," a long, and laboured didactic poem, which nobody reads now, though John Wesley and Cowper went into raptures over it. The crown of Prior's achievement in poetry is, according to his present editor, the poem addressed to "A Child of Quality," which Mr. Swinburne has termed the "most adorable of nursery idylls that ever was or ever will be in our language." Unfortunately some of the wittiest poems of a poet who in Mr. Dobson's judgment is as "easy as Swift and as polished as Pope" are marred by loose and objectionable expressions. The present volume gives us Prior at his best. The poems are arranged in the order of publication, and Mr. Dobson has used with a sparing hand the editorial privileges of excision and suppression.

Now that the Christmas lectures to children are in full progress at the Royal Institution, there is an especial appropriateness in the appearance of Sir Robert Ball's little book on "Star-Land." It is made up of those lucid and fascinating addresses with which the Royal Astronomer of Ireland delighted his youthful listeners at the Royal Institution during the winter holidays of 1881 and 1887. Few people have more perfectly mastered the art of talking to children on abstruse subjects in an intelligible and interesting way than Sir Robert, and we venture to think that no boy or girl of average intelligence could fail to grasp such clear expositions as these admirable lectures give of the wonders of the midnight sky.

BUSINESS PROSPECTS OF THE NEW YEAR.

THE New Year opens with brighter prospects for all branches of trade than any since the end of the inflation period that followed the Franco-German war. From 1873 prices fell almost without interruption, until, in 1886, they were lower than they had previously been during the century. The fall checked enterprise of every kind. Those who built railways, factories, or other industrial works, early in the period, found a little later that their competitors were able to build much more cheaply, and consequently were able to work much more advantageously, than themselves. So, again, merchants who bought early in a year were often compelled before its close to sell the goods for less than they had given for them. Therefore, every one tried to restrict his purchases as much as the nature of his business allowed. This intensified the fall, and one of its results

was that production was contracted. For example, over the greater part of the United Kingdom wheat cannot now be grown profitably, iron-works have had to be closed in large numbers, and so have mines, and what happened here occurred likewise abroad. At length in these ways trade adjusted itself to the new conditions. Prices ceased to fall, and for a while remained stationary. Then there were signs that an upward movement was imminent. The more careful and acute observers seeing this concluded that it was time to begin to buy, and once their purchases commenced others followed. Stocks which had been allowed to run very low were replenished, new enterprises were undertaken, and extensions, renewals, and repairs, long felt to be necessary, were taken in hand. Meanwhile population and wealth were growing all over the world. Emigration from Europe to the newer countries was going on on a great scale, and in these latter more particularly the area under cultivation was being rapidly extended. In consequence, the want of new railways, canals, harbours, and other public works, came to be keenly felt, and, on the part of the new countries more particularly, a strong demand sprang up for capital to carry out the works required. While the fall in the prices of commodities was going on the savings of the world were invested chiefly in government and municipal bonds, existing railway stocks, and the shares and debentures of such other industrial companies as were able to carry on their business profitably. Therefore, Stock Exchange securities steadily rose all the time that commodities were falling. The rise enabled many of the great governments to reduce the interest upon their debt, and this caused a further advance in all good Stock Exchange securities. At last the return upon those securities became so small that investors were eager to find some means of employing their money that would give them a better yield. Therefore, when the new communities applied to the London market for capital to undertake the development of their material resources, their applications were favourably received. New loans and new companies came out in large numbers, and the proceeds were to a very considerable extent spent in this country in the purchase of materials for carrying out the contemplated works. This gave a fresh stimulus to the trade improvement. Furthermore, the discovery of diamond and gold mines in South Africa gave to that vast region the means of making large purchases in Europe, and inspired the hope that the yield of the new mines would put an end to the gold scarcity, and even bring about a general recovery in prices. Lastly, several inventions which for a while could not be practically applied were so far improved that they formed the basis of new industries. All these various causes led to a great improvement in the trade of this country and as this country is not only the banker and the clearing-house of the world, but also its chief workshop, this prosperity was gradually transmitted to its customers abroad. For a while the revival was kept in check by the war scares that were so frequent in 1886 and 1887; but when at the close of 1888 the opinion spread that peace would be maintained for some years there was a very rapid improvement, which went on all through the past year, and has now become so great and so general that it can be prevented from continuing for a

considerable time only by a very great disaster.

Many persons fear that the rise in wages which has accompanied the trade improvement has already been carried too far, and before long will check consumption. We do not share in the fear. The case must be very peculiar in which labour is able to extort from capital more than its fair share of the joint production. And we very much doubt whether, in fact, such a case has ever occurred. It must not be forgotten that if a rise in wages increases the cost of production, on the other hand it makes the vast majority of the population better customers of the producers. In short, to our minds the rise in wages is the most gratifying result of the trade revival which we have been tracing. There are, however, other and far more serious dangers. One of these is combination amongst capitalists to run up prices exorbitantly. A conspicuous example of such a combination was the Copper Syndicate in Paris. Happily, that syndicate broke down nearly twelve months ago, and its example is likely to deter others from soon imitating it. Another danger is undue speculation. A few weeks ago it seemed as if speculators were forcing up the price of iron too rapidly; but the difficulties of the Money Market have checked their operations, and it is to be hoped that proper caution has been impressed upon them. Outside the iron industry there is little speculation in trade here at home. There has been a vast augmentation of the volume of business, but only a moderate rise in prices. This affords evidence that business generally is being conducted on sound and prudent principles so far as Great Britain is concerned. But undoubtedly there has been more recklessness in other countries. Perhaps the worst excesses have been committed in the Argentine Republic. Order in the Republic has now been maintained for an unusually long time. The Indian difficulty has been removed, and European immigration has been on a very considerable scale. There was undoubted need for material development, and the Government applied itself to the task with great energy; but unfortunately it has gone too quick. During the past eight years the national, provincial, and municipal governments, and railway and other industrial companies, have raised in Europe new capital to the amount of about 100 millions sterling. At home a nearly equal sum has been raised in the same space of time; and, worse than all, the owners of houses and lands have borrowed on their properties not very much less. The result is an utterly wild speculation. Prices have risen beyond all bounds, towns have been extended far in excess of the requirements of the population, and railways have been built often in senseless competition with one another, and often, too, in wildernesses that cannot be settled for years to come. When the inevitable breakdown comes European investors will be impoverished by the stoppage of the interest on which they counted. But though European investments in the Republic are absolutely large, they are small compared with the total investments of Europe, and an Argentine crisis, therefore, will not seriously affect trade, unless it should disturb the Money Market by involving in ruin several trust companies, lately formed in too great numbers, or some of the great financial houses that have been engaged in advancing unwisely to Argen-

tine borrowers and promoters. Even if the Argentine crisis should be aggravated by a crisis in Brazil arising out of the Revolution, then it need not necessarily have a very depressing effect upon trade, unless, as we have said, the Money Market should be affected. As a counterpoise to the state of affairs in the Argentine Republic and in Brazil, we may point out that other South American states are likely to become in the early future larger purchasers of our goods. For example, Peru is at last making a compromise with its European creditors. If the compromise is carried out, there is sure to be an active development of the country's resources. Railways are to be built, mines are to be worked, and lands are to be settled. Mexican prosperity, too, is increasing; and, above all, two good harvests in succession have greatly increased the prosperity of the United States, one of our largest and best customers. India, too, is doing exceptionally well, and promises to be a very profitable customer in the new year, while everything goes to show that the goldfields of South Africa are among the richest in the world. In Europe the only doubtful factor is Germany. Speculation there has run rampant for years, but trade at the same time is so prosperous that probably the inevitable collapse will be postponed, at least until the autumn. Over the rest of the Continent there is improvement, actual or incipient. If, then, some foreign countries have too recklessly mortgaged their future, and must pass through a period of depression and recuperation, others are emerging from their difficulties, and are about to apply themselves to the development of their material resources. The one set of circumstances will probably offset the other, and the influences that are working in the more advanced countries towards a further improvement in trade will continue to operate throughout the new year.

There remains to be considered the influence that may be exercised by the Money Market. At the present moment, undoubtedly, its condition is such as to inspire anxiety. The activity of trade has expanded the coin circulation all over the world. There being more goods to produce and distribute, and more work-people to employ at higher wages, more money is required by employers, and the money is obtained here at home, for example, from the Bank of England, which keeps the ultimate banking reserve of the whole United Kingdom. Furthermore, as has been pointed out above, foreign countries have for some years past been raising in London immense sums for government and industrial purposes—the subscribers to the new loans and companies, that is to say, have undertaken to supply governments and companies with very large sums, which the foreign governments and countries may take if they please in gold. And just now they are requiring considerable amounts of the metal. The Argentine Republic, Brazil, the United States, and South Africa, are all taking considerable sums. And for other reasons both France and Germany are likewise buying up the metal in London. The consequence is that the reserve of the Bank of England is now lower than it has been for about twenty years, and the Bank has had to raise its rate of discount to 6 per cent., a most unusual thing on the second list day of the year. This would be a very

serious state of things if trade were unsound. Fortunately, however, as stated above, trade is not unsound. There has not been much undue speculation, and therefore mere accommodation bills are not circulating to a considerable extent. We do not think, therefore, that the difficulties of the Money Market will seriously retard the improvement in trade. Unquestionably, the rates of interest and discount in London must be higher during the spring than they have been for a long time past. That of course will check speculation, which is by no means a bad thing. But if the Bank of England acts judiciously it will not have an injurious effect upon trade. There is no occasion to charge manufacturers and merchants so much for the accommodation they may require as would disincline them to engage in new enterprises. And if that is not done trade will go on improving. After a while, if the Bank of England takes the proper measures gold will flow to London in sufficient quantities. Everywhere coin and notes tend to flow back from the provinces to the great banking centres in the first half of the year, and though the activity of trade may prevent the reflux from being as large as usual, yet there will be a considerable return. The Foreign Money Markets, therefore, will gradually become easier, the demand for gold will cease, and the metal will accumulate in London, where it can be employed profitably, and where every capitalist is sure that he can obtain gold if he requires it. Political apprehensions will prevent bankers and others from sending much gold to Brazil, and what may be needed in the Argentine Republic will probably be obtained in Paris or somewhere else, without drawing to a dangerous extent upon London. It is to be expected, then, that the London Money Market will become easier by-and-by, and though rates will be higher than they have been for a considerable time past, comparative ease will be maintained until the autumn. Then, no doubt, the Foreign Money Markets will again feel the strain of improved trade, but it is yet too early to attempt to predict what may happen in the autumn. It is enough to say that bold and judicious action on the part of the Bank of England ought to steer the London market through its difficulties in the immediate future, ought to restore comparative ease after a while, and ought, therefore, to ensure trade against serious disturbance. If such action is taken we conclude, therefore, that the new year will be at least as prosperous as the last, and will, therefore, rank amongst the best the country has known for many a long day.

NOTICE.

EDITORIAL COMMUNICATIONS

should be addressed to "THE EDITOR," and Advertisements to "THE MANAGER" at 115, Fleet Street, E.C.

ADVERTISEMENTS

should be received not later than THURSDAY morning

Applications for copies of THE SPEAKER, and Subscriptions, should be sent to CASSELL & COMPANY Limited, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION BY POST—

Yearly	£1 8s.
Half-yearly	14s.
Quarterly	7s.

THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, JAN. 11, 1890.

NOTES OF THE DAY.

THE epidemic of influenza has assumed serious proportions in England, and especially in London. In the Post Office, the police force, the banks, and many of the great public departments, the number of victims is so great as to cause serious inconvenience. A cynic has pointed out that a large proportion of the sufferers are persons who are paid, not by the "piece," but by time—in other words, those who do not suffer any pecuniary loss by taking to their beds for a few days. Probably this is the case in all epidemics where the element of panic must be present to a larger or smaller extent. But there can be no doubt as to the reality and the extent of the present visitation of a malady which few people are at present inclined to describe as "that blessed influenza." In the newspaper offices of London it has made itself felt as severely as elsewhere, and not a few journalists and men of letters are among the victims. Perhaps the article on the subject—from the pen of an eminent medical man—which we publish on another page, will not lose in interest from its having been penned by one who is himself an actual sufferer.

MILD though the epidemic is in its character, it sometimes develops in a dangerous manner, and it has struck fatally at one "shining mark" at least. This is the EMPRESS AUGUSTA of Germany, the Consort of the late EMPEROR WILLIAM. The Empress, whose death has once more led to the lowering to half-mast of the Hohenzollern flag, was a woman of very great qualities—learned, amiable, accomplished. That she lived practically apart from her distinguished husband, the famous warrior under whose reign Germany became one, is notorious; nor is it less notorious that she had little sympathy with the liberal ideas of which the EMPRESS FREDERICK is the most brilliant representative in Germany. All her leanings were towards that old *régime* of courtiers, priests, and fine ladies which has passed away for ever. Few amongst us can have forgotten how her open patronage of the ill-starred COUNT VON ARNIM was the occasion of that diplomatist's ruin. Few can be ignorant of the mutual antipathy which existed between herself and the German Chancellor. But she had the virtues of her rank; was a devoted representative of her husband when the latter and his son were winning laurels on the bloody battle-fields of Lorraine or before Paris; and was always suave, kindly, and charitable.

MR. JUSTICE O'HAGAN'S resignation of his office on the Irish Land Commission—a serious loss to that body—seems to be explained by the report of the Commission published in the *Dublin Gazette* on Tuesday, which carried, as the *Daily News* correspondent truly remarked, "a message of despair to the Irish tenants." The Commissioners, according to the same correspondent, "have either varied the rents fixed in the years 1881 to 1885 in such a way as to be of no service to the tenants, or absolutely increased them to a degree which," the correspondent fears, "makes their payment impossible." This is bad, indeed; but what else could the Commissioners do under the Act of 1887? The principles of that Act unquestionably sanction the

course which is now being taken by the Land Commission. But how are farmers to carry on their business on the new terms? Is agriculture in Ireland in so flourishing a state that it can bear a readjustment of rents like that which has now taken place? Nothing can be more demoralising to a people than the present hand-to-mouth land system in Ireland, the end of which is only too clearly apparent.

THERE has been some little controversy of late in different quarters, but notably in *Truth*, on the subject of Liberal organisation, and the work of the National Liberal Federation in particular. This is too big a subject to be handled in a mere note; but it would be idle to hide the fact that it is at present exciting attention in different quarters, and that ideas of change and progress are widely current. A discussion of the whole question can hardly fail to be attended by useful results. The impression that great gatherings, like the annual meetings of the Federation, are convened for the simple purpose of passing cut-and-dried resolutions drawn up by a handful of official or semi-official persons in London, if it were to be generally accepted, would do an enormous amount of harm. If that impression does exist in any quarter, we are glad to know that there is no substantial foundation for it. The resolutions passed at the annual meetings of the Federation are always submitted beforehand, not to a caucus in London, but to the Liberal associations throughout the country, and it is the province of these associations to criticise, and, where necessary, amend them, so that when they are affirmed at a great gathering at Leeds, Nottingham, or Manchester, they may be taken as truly representing the settled opinions of the overwhelming majority of the Liberal party.

NATURALLY our enemies are making merry over what they regard as signs of dissension within the ranks of Liberalism. They may make themselves easy on the subject. There is not the slightest ground for imagining that any rupture of the Liberal forces will or can occur on this question of organisation. Our Tory friends have had their own differences on the same question, and some of them have been infinitely more serious than anything that is in the least degree likely to happen within the Liberal ranks—as, for example, the bitter quarrel between LORD SALISBURY and LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL on the subject of the Constitutional Association. Leaders and followers in the Liberal party have but one object in view, and they are seeking to attain that object, not by any violent casting-aside of existing machinery, but by its improvement and adaptation to the circumstances of the time.

AND here, as Liberal organisations are being spoken of, it is fitting that a word should be said regarding the man to whom the Liberal Party and the National Federation owe so much—MR. SCHNADHORST. For some months past MR. SCHNADHORST has been a great sufferer, and has been practically laid aside from his work. He has now gone on a long voyage in hope of regaining his health. The sympathy of many friends will accompany him. MR. SCHNADHORST is better known now than he was a few years ago. Even the Conservatives of London no longer pretend to regard him as a dangerous con-

spirator bent upon securing violent ends by criminal means. They have seen the great organiser of the Liberal party—the man who, amongst his other achievements, has taught the Tories themselves the art of organisation—and however widely they may differ from him in political opinion, they have learned to respect him as one of the most upright, temperate, and able, as well as one of the most shrewd and loyal of men.

WHAT a pity it is that certain exalted personages do not copy the example of the Royal Family in preserving an attitude of impartiality between the two political parties! A tradition used to exist which affirmed that the judges of the Supreme Court were absolutely without prejudices so far as politics were concerned. But thanks to one or two judges who might be named, that tradition is now obsolete. We cannot pretend to object to the right of these eminent persons to take as strong a part as they please in any political controversy. But before they do so, they ought, in common fairness, to retire from the bench. Our judges are highly paid and highly honoured as a recompense for certain sacrifices which they are required to make in the interests of their fellow-countrymen, and of that justice of which they are at once the officers and the representatives. Amongst the other things which they are expected to sacrifice is the right to take part in political controversies. We are told, no doubt, that on the bench the judge who has been the most furious of political partisans while he was merely an aspirant to the ermine, becomes the most dispassionate and impartial of arbitrators, holding the balance level between both sides, even in those causes into which political passion of necessity enters. It may be so—it certainly ought to be so, seeing that we pay so high a price in order to secure not only trained legal acumen, but that “judicial mind” which is the most precious of all the qualifications of a judge. But what are we to think when the judge, even after his elevation, makes periodical sallies out of the serene atmosphere of the bench and writes letters to the newspapers on political topics of a distinctly controversial character? Our very anxiety to see the members of the judicial body shielded from attacks which they are unable to resent, and which tend to lower popular respect for their authority, compels us to call attention to the subject.

Is it a “kite” which the *Times* has flown on the subject of Free Education? That journal suggests that MR. GOSCHEN may not impossibly devote a portion of his surplus to the abolition of the school-pence. It is possible that he may do so; though a few years ago MR. GOSCHEN would have been the last man to consent to such a scheme. But if he does, he may expect to arouse a controversy in England to which that of 1870 will be mere child’s play. The Liberal party will be set free from all obligation to respect the compromise of that year when once the State practically undertakes the payment of the cost of a child’s education, and the old battle between the Board schools and the Denominational schools will be renewed with a thousand advantages on the side of the former which did not exist twenty years ago. But what will the Ministerialists themselves say to such a proposal? And what will some of their Unionist allies think of it? There is a deep significance in the answers to these questions.

MR. ASQUITH, whose ability is equal to his loyalty to the Liberal cause, speaking at Leeds the other day, once more expressed his opinion that the time had come for MR. GLADSTONE and his colleagues to lay a plan of Home Rule before the country. We have great respect for MR. ASQUITH, but we must confess that we cannot appreciate what seems to us to be the impatience he shows upon this point. To present an elaborate scheme of Home Rule to the country at this moment would be to give the enemies of Home Rule a distinct tactical

advantage, of which they would not be slow to avail themselves. The broad principles on which the Home Rule question must be fought out are familiar to everybody. The electors will not give their decision in the Grand Inquest of the nation upon the clauses of a Bill or the details of what must necessarily be an intricate and elaborate scheme, but upon the simple question of local self-government (satisfactory to the Irish) *versus* the maintenance of the hopeless struggle which England has been carrying on against Irish feeling and Irish spirit during the last ninety years. In the meantime we may welcome proposals for the settlement of a scheme of Home Rule from whatever quarter they may come; and we may even suggest that the Bill of 1886—dead though it be—is worthy of a more careful and dispassionate study than it received whilst it was a living factor in the political world.

WHENEVER a Liberal writer or speaker refers to the disorders of Crete, or the outrages of officially befriended Kurds in Armenia, the Tory newspapers accuse him of wishing to bring the Russians to Constantinople, and of trying to turn out LORD SALISBURY. It is to be hoped that they will therefore take note that the strongest thing said lately about Turkish folly in Cretan and Turkish guilt in Armenian affairs was said in Wednesday’s *Times* by LORD CARNARVON, almost the only leading Tory politician in whom supposed party exigencies have not stifled the voice of humanity and justice. There has been of late a serious recrudescence of philo-Turcism among the Tories, which has excited disgust among the better sort of Dissident Liberals, and may, if persisted in, destroy their allegiance to LORD SALISBURY.

DURING the past week several inquests have been held in the East End of London on persons whose death has been clearly proved to have been accelerated by want. In some of these cases the details of misery and suffering were heart-rending. It is not wonderful that those whose knowledge of the condition of the English working-classes is chiefly derived from their observation of what goes on in the East End, should be prompted to propose remedies sometimes desperate for a disease which undoubtedly seems to many to be desperate. He would be a poor creature who waxed angry because men who are deeply immersed in the study of the social problem sometimes propose measures for the solution of that problem which are at variance both with the economic and the political principles commonly held by the Liberal party. But may we not hint that Whitechapel, with all its horrors, over the contemplation of which the hardest heart may well turn tender, is not England; and that it is to the great industrial communities of the North, rather than to one crowded and squalid district of London, that we must look for the satisfactory working-out of the most difficult of all the pending questions of statecraft?

IF MR. GOSCHEN intends to take a penny off the income-tax and to leave the tea duty untouched, he will come at once into conflict with the Opposition. The leaders of the Liberal party have determined to push the question of the free breakfast-table; and they cannot allow the opportunity of a great surplus to pass without making an effort to obtain a remission of at least a portion of the tea duty. The Liberals will have no objection to give MR. GOSCHEN a penny off the income-tax if he makes up the void thus created in the revenue by an addition to the succession duty.

It has been arranged, we believe, that a meeting of the Liberal leaders will take place at MR. GLADSTONE’S town residence on the Friday or Saturday preceding the meeting of Parliament, for formal deliberation on the business of the coming Session.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

IF Burns had been living to-day he would have found that his devout aspiration had been realised, and that it is now given to men to see themselves in the light in which they are seen by others. No supernatural power has been called in to endow us with this faculty, but a smart gentleman named Romeike, who sojourned for a time in London, and who is now, we believe, gone in pursuit of fortune elsewhere, bestowed upon us the gift for which Burns sighed in vain. Is there anybody nowadays whose name from time to time appears in print—and whose name now fails to secure that doubtful honour?—who is not acquainted with those little strips of peculiarly flimsy paper upon which the successors and imitators of Mr. Romeike are wont to paste those newspaper cuttings in which the recipient finds himself surveyed from the impartial standpoint of the Press? As a rule, the experiences of Mr. Romeike's customers are hardly satisfactory, and it is doubtful whether in this vale of tears it is after all worth a man's while to disburse the sum of £1 sterling in order that he may receive one hundred and twenty-five opinions of himself, usually the reverse of complimentary.

Mr. Romeike, we perhaps need hardly say, has been very much with us during the present week; for the first appearance of *THE SPEAKER* has been made the occasion of numerous comments in the English and the foreign Press. Our first duty is to acknowledge with unaffected gratitude the kindness and forbearance of most of our contemporaries. Our next, to express our still warmer acknowledgments of those criticisms which, though they cannot be described as flattering, are nevertheless undeniably useful. We can assure our critics that they will find us quick to learn; though it may be hinted that one or two of the most obvious defects of the first number of *THE SPEAKER* were not the result of a fixed determination on our part to go wrong, but of those difficulties in the way of production with which everyone who in the course of his life has had to start a newspaper or review must be painfully familiar.

Nor must we altogether conceal the fact that a distinct amount of amusement has been derivable from some of those criticisms of an omniscient Press which to the merely superficial reader might appear to be least calculated to give rise to this emotion in our breast. When, for example, we find the work of an English author, who not only has no drop of Scotch blood in his veins—a fact which he doubtless regrets exceedingly—but who is probably more distinctively English in his mode of thought as well as of expression than any of his contemporary writers, gracefully alluded to as that of a Scotch humorist, we appreciate the penetration and accuracy of the learned author of this criticism. Nor is it altogether without a shade of satisfaction that we see that the writer of what was doubtless meant to be a particularly severe castigation of our follies and our failings fortified himself by selecting as an example of the detestable English in which *THE SPEAKER* is written, a passage

from an article by a man whose reputation as one of the best living writers of prose is as high on this side of the Atlantic as it is on the other.

But the mirror has been held up to us—nay, a hundred mirrors, in each of which we have been able to see a pale reflection of ourselves as we are seen by one or another of these our contemporaries and our friends, and ours will be the fault if we fail to profit by the manifold experience which we have thus enjoyed.

We have spoken of the kindly way in which many upon whom we can pretend to have no claim have welcomed our appearance in the lists of journalism, but we must not forget that other new-comers have appeared in the same lists since the present year began. The *Review of Reviews*, the offspring of one of the very ablest journalists of the century—a man rich in fertility of resource, in originality, in inventiveness, richer still, if that be possible, in the strength and courage of his convictions—comes to break the uniformity of our magazine literature, infusing into it some of the spirit of that new journalism about which at present we hear so much. We can only express the hope that this new review may have a long and prosperous career, and may not fail in the mission proclaimed by its editor, the knitting together of all the communities throughout the world which speak the English tongue. The new journalism, too, has a representative, and a very creditable one, in the *Daily Graphic*, the first serious attempt which has been made in this country to produce a daily illustrated newspaper. The modesty of extreme youth compels us to abstain from those criticisms which many of our contemporaries have made haste to pass upon the *Daily Graphic*, as well as upon *THE SPEAKER*, and we must confine ourselves to the expression of the belief that there is room enough in the arena of London journalism for such a paper as this aspires to be, and that here also a warm welcome, and the best of good wishes, may be offered to the new-comer.

Finally, may we offer to those of our critics whose communications have not reached us through the agency of Mr. Romeike or his friends, the expression of our heartfelt gratitude for the forbearance which they have shown towards our numerous defects, and the kindly feeling—we might almost say the enthusiasm—with which they have foretold our coming fortunes? We have tried in the present issue to meet the wishes of some of these unseen friends, and we do not doubt that as the weeks go by, and the initial difficulties of our enterprise grow lighter, we shall approximate more and more closely to the ideal which is set before our readers' eyes and our own.

AN OLD STORY.

THOUGH the readers of English newspapers may sometimes feel as if they had been dosed to death with Irish news and Irish debate for the last ten years, yet there is a certain fitfulness and want of continuity in our attention to Ireland after all. For example, our contemporaries have hardly taken any notice of a remarkable statement made a week ago by the Bishop of Cork. The Bishop was addressing a

certain society of young men in the city of Cork, and the pith of his address was a strong warning against secret associations. As everybody knows, the Catholic Church even wages war against what, in this kingdom at any rate, is so harmless a form of secret associations as Freemasonry. If the Bishop had gone no further than general admonition, his remarks might have been taken for no more than a piece of ecclesiastical common form. But he was specific and particular in a manner that deserves the best attention of every observer of the working of Coercion. The Bishop told his hearers that he is aware of the existence in his diocese of a political secret society; that he has found out from various sources the precise constitution of this society; that it is governed by a supreme council; and that this council assumes to itself the right to punish with death any who may come within reach of its displeasure. In other words, there has sprung up in the county of Cork one of those oath-bound societies, with murder for its sanction, and murder among its agencies and objects, which have given such lurid colour to Irish social history for the last hundred and fifty years.

It is not very long ago since the Archbishop of Dublin publicly referred to the growth of a secret society of a criminal character inside the ranks of the Gaelic Athletic Association. The existence of a small section working for political ends under cover of meetings for athletic exercise has long been well known to those whose business it is to know such things, and it became more or less a matter of public notoriety some three years ago, when fortunately the Archbishop of Cashel was able for the time to stamp it down. What is certain, from the reserved but perfectly intelligible language of Dr. Walsh and Dr. O'Callaghan to their flocks, is that this baleful element in Irish life is once more reviving underground. If a new criminal club has formed itself in Cork, we may be perfectly sure that the same mischief is afoot in plenty of other places. This, the reader will mark, is exactly the result which was predicted as certain to follow the policy of Coercion. Nobody denied that the violent administration of Coercion might, in the famous but not very discreet phrase of the Lord Lieutenant in the beginning of 1882, "drive discontent beneath the surface." What was foretold was that discontent, driven beneath the surface, would be sure to organise itself in these detestable shapes which a long course of bad government has made into an Irish tradition, and which Irishmen even carry with them over the seas. It is true enough that most of these clubs are of the lowest type; that they always contain, as has been said, one man who is taking notes for the benefit of the Castle, and another man who is planning an escape with the cash-box. This fatal experience of treachery and fraud seems, however, to teach no lesson, and it remains true that whenever you have drastic coercion, you are sure to have the curse of secret societies.

It is true that the reported figures of agrarian crime are low, because the country is enjoying a spell of agrarian prosperity. But the growth of unlawful associations with political objects has constantly accompanied low figures of agrarian crime and a

decent amount of material well-being. It would be a miracle if the vehemence of the Coercion administration were not followed by this most baneful of all its fruits; and the Catholic prelates, with their ample information of the state of the country, evidently believe that no such miracle is going to be worked.

Some rash people will say that these secret societies, after all, do no very great harm except to the dupes who enter them, that they must be dealt with as a plague peculiar to Ireland, and that we may trust to detectives, informers, change of *venue*, packed juries, and all the rest of the old paraphernalia, to make the best or the worst of them. We daresay that the Government will be able to prevent violent and overt criminal acts on any considerable scale. We daresay they will now and then bring some of the members to book. But meanwhile the social demoralisation that flows from these secret conspiracies spreads. "It is not for the sake of politics that I warn you," said the Bishop of Cork, "it is for moral reasons. These societies are founded for immoral reasons, and rest on the imposition of immoral obligations. My anxiety is not about politics, but about the souls of my people." It is the deterioration of character; it is the warping and searing of conscience; it is the furtive, unmanly, degrading tricks of mind and of conduct, that make the real and deep mischief of this old curse of Ireland—a curse that will never be removed by twenty or by two hundred years of firm and resolute Coercion.

The Irish Minister has complained that the Irish clergy have not helped him in what he considers to be his restoration of law and order. Why? The most potent agency in restoring a real order, resting on the conscience, feeling, and judgment of the mass of the population, would be beyond all question, and without rivalry, the national clergy. But the proper and natural task of the clergy in creating a better social conscience in Ireland, whether in waging war against secret societies or otherwise, is balked and made helpless, and will remain helpless, until the political agitation is brought to an end by such a settlement as shall give to Irishmen power over their own public business, and such interest as comes from the conscious possession of power—the only true correctives to their old bad habits of sinister and subterranean confederacy.

THE PORTUGUESE IN AFRICA.

THE latest news from Africa is, with one unfortunate exception, pacific. We are not likely to know before Parliament meets the details of what has passed between Lord Salisbury and Senhor Barros Gomes. But the very facts that negotiations continue, and that note rapidly succeeds to note, show that there is nothing between the two Governments which cannot be satisfactorily settled by the exercise of common sense and mutual forbearance. If, indeed, the two Ministers had been left to themselves, they would probably have come to an understanding some time ago. Unfortunately, a part of the English Press took advantage of Major Serpa

Pinto's indiscretions to raise a shriek over the supposed outrage on the national honour, to accuse Portugal of "presuming on her weakness," and to threaten her with various acts of more or less absurd vengeance, which would have been in the first place extremely foolish, and in the second place distinctly piratical. This undignified bluster, which is quite incompatible with firmness, if only because those who employ it one day are ashamed of it the next, excited of course a similar outcry from the journals of Lisbon. This competitive "exasperation of rival pens" produced its inevitable but none the less most mischievous result. Senhor Barros Gomes began to be afraid of acknowledging that any of his agents were in the wrong, and Lord Salisbury was obliged to consider whether a reasonable attitude of deliberate calmness would not lose him popularity, or even votes. No definite opinion can be expressed, or even formed, with regard to Lord Salisbury's policy until the official papers are published. But there is some ground for believing that he was rather too slow to move, and that if he had taken at an earlier period a more serious interest in the Portuguese claims over the Zambesi, there would now be no question left in dispute. If, for instance, Mr. Johnston, Her Majesty's Consul at Mozambique, had been permitted to conclude an arrangement with Senhor Barros Gomes at Lisbon early last year, territorial controversy would have been avoided by the provision of definite metes and bounds. The fact is that Lord Salisbury endeavours with great industry and ability to occupy two distinct positions, which are as inconsistent as the simultaneous service of God and Mammon. Cerberus, as we know from Mrs. Malaprop, was three gentlemen at once. But he was scarcely human, and he flourished in the mythological ages. If Lord Salisbury tries to be a real Foreign Secretary, he ceases to be a real Prime Minister. When he tries to be a real Prime Minister, he ceases to be a real Foreign Secretary. He does not spare his health and strength, even when the influenza fiend has laid its hand upon him. But there are only twenty-four hours in the day, and some of them must be devoted to sleep. An over-worked man naturally yields to the temptation of doing nothing to-day which he can possibly put off till to-morrow. Lord Melbourne used to say that most letters answered themselves in about a fortnight, and Townsend was declared to have lost the American Colonies by never opening the American despatches. But such precepts and examples are quite inapplicable to the modern conditions of the Foreign Office.

The exception to the generally favourable character of the news is the statement in the *Times* that "the Portuguese authorities had forbidden the British mail steamers of the Castle Line to receive at Quillimane the correspondence of the British Vice-Consul or other letters." It is to be observed that this prohibition was issued, if at all, on the 10th of September, and it is not to be supposed that Her Majesty's subjects would obey such an order. But if these negotiations are to end as we all desire, the Portuguese Government must insist upon the exercise by its servants in South East Africa of more courtesy, patience, and self-control than they have hitherto displayed. Major Serpa Pinto's African adventures have, it is to be hoped, finally ceased, and his raid upon the Makololo requires

something more apologetic than an explanation. Disavowal and redress are the alternatives of disproof—that the whole story of his escapades is untrue. When these preliminary obstacles to harmony have been removed, the limitations of British and Portuguese sovereignty ought to be so firmly drawn that there can in future be no plausible excuse for aggression on either side. If Lord Salisbury and Senhor Barros Gomes cannot agree, they might refer definite points to some absolutely and obviously impartial arbitrator. But it must be clearly understood that no right of intervention by any other Power can be acknowledged. England and Portugal alone are concerned. Neither France nor Germany has anything to do with the matter, and the Conference of Brussels has no more jurisdiction than the Geographical Society. The Lisbon correspondent of the *Times* proved conclusively, in his valuable telegram of Wednesday last, that both political parties in Portugal were equally desirous of "an amicable arrangement with England in regard to East and West Central Africa." This confirms the impression made upon every fair-minded reader by the interview between Senhor Barros Gomes and the special correspondent of the *Daily News* at Lisbon in Christmas week. The Portuguese case as regards the lower course of the Zambesi is at least a plausible one. As regards the Shiré and Nyassaland it is flimsy in the extreme. Yet when it was known that Major Serpa Pinto was going to the Shiré as the rival and antagonist of Mr. Johnston, Lord Salisbury sent no remonstrance, and indeed appears to have taken no notice whatever. It did not demand any extraordinary foresight to perceive the possibilities of peril in the Major's mission; and unless Lord Salisbury has some defence which has not yet been disclosed, he cannot be acquitted of culpable negligence. Two main principles ought to be laid down in consequence of these unlucky occurrences. We hear much of the Scotch missionaries and their views. Missionaries often give useful information. But their advice is apt to be misleading, because it is coloured by motives which, however praiseworthy in themselves, cannot enter into the transactions of States. Missionaries follow their high calling at their own risk, and cannot be permitted to involve their respective countries in war. Then, again, "spheres of influence" are awkward and inconvenient things. They imply at the most a vague series of tacit assumptions, and they are altered at pleasure by the mapmakers. Those parts of Africa which are not subject to the sovereignty of any European Power, are by international law independent, and the property of the natives.

THE EPIDEMIC OF INFLUENZA.

IT is of little use to dwell upon what may be termed the picturesque aspect, so dear to the modern journalist, of the epidemic which is now raging in London. But it may be that a plain statement of the medical side of the ailment will be more profitable to our readers than any account of the havoc which it is working among the commercial and in-

dustrial population of the metropolis. As with most of the so-called acute specific fevers, of which influenza is a good example, a concurrence of two things is necessary for its development in any individual. First and more important, from the point of view of causation, the individual must receive the specific poison into his constitution, and this probably happens in all cases by its being inhaled with the atmospheric air. Secondly, the individual constitution must be in a receptive mood; it is no good trying to fire off wetted gunpowder. What precise state of health is most convenient for the operations of the poison of influenza the medical scientists cannot tell us. It does not follow that mere general lowering of the health predisposes to the taking of influenza. A defect in the quality of the blood would seem from the writer's observations on pale people to favour its occurrence. If the nervous health is below par the individual seems to be distinctly more susceptible. A fine muscular development certainly constitutes no protection; but excellent "spirits" do appear to diminish the chances of the poison taking effect.

One of the most marked features of the affection is the suddenness with which the symptoms set in. These vary considerably in different individuals; but in most, pains of an aching and shooting description, great enfeeblement of the nervous and muscular strength, low spirits, and a sense of misery, are constant and decided phenomena. It often happens that these symptoms, together with chilliness and flushings, and some elevation of the temperature of the body, constitute the entire attack, there being no local effects, if we except the local pains. There certainly need not be any catarrh of the eyes, nose, throat, or other parts of the breathing passages. But the individual peculiarities are some of the most interesting features of this epidemic. One individual or one family may have the mental symptoms in the most marked form, a dejection of the spirits amounting to positive melancholia. Others may have a very severe catarrh of the eyes, nose, and breathing passages. Others have much disturbance of the food passages, sickness, retching and vomiting. The direction which the special symptoms may take cannot be predicted in any individual case.

The duration of the attacks in the present epidemic is very variable, but an average duration is about five days. It may be noted that lumbago is often severe and rather persistent, recalling one of the worst symptoms of small-pox, with which disease influenza has the smallest possible analogy. Indeed, a persistence of the pains has struck the writer as rather a noteworthy circumstance of the present epidemic.

As to the severity of the disease, this much may be said—that in the majority of cases the attack is never grave, the sense of illness notwithstanding.

The tendency of the attack to relapse, and the proneness of the relapse to be as bad as the first attack, are points worthy of record.

It does not seem that there exists any great liability to sequels; cases of persis-

tent neuralgia or persistent deafness have not been noted; still the debility is rather long lasting. And in the feeble, the aged, and the infant, the respiratory organs are apt to become the seat of inflammatory complications which greatly delay the return to health, and in Paris at least have frequently proved too much for the sufferer.

We are not aware that any special drug can protect the individual from the complaint, though that such agencies exist may well be allowed. It is certain that attention to hygiene—to the general art of preserving the health by careful regular diet, bathing and cleansing, judicious clothing, obtaining the necessary amount of sleep and exercise, and maintaining the mental health, including the assumption of the virtue of courage even if we have it not—will do a great deal towards keeping the enemy at bay. There is not any ground known to medical science which can afford any reason for the appearance of a panic. The death rate is high only in those whose health is lowered, and this lowering of health seems to be most detrimental when it proceeds from insanitary surroundings. It will be a matter of great surprise if the death rate of London reaches that alleged to exist in Paris.

For those whose health is below the average it is most advisable that some tonic treatment (such as quinine) should be instituted, as a guard against the disease. Those who are attacked should certainly keep the horizontal position and their bed as the best means of warding off any effects of the great weakness of the circulation and nervous system. If due care is taken, a healthy person should leave off his influenza at the allotted time hardly the worse for its having been with him; and after its departure, the loss of strength will be regained, as a rule, within a week. As to the vaunted cures of the attack by antispecifics, by sweating agents, and the like, we can but give the Scotch verdict of "not proven," for the reasons that the duration of the disease is not a fixed quantity, the personal equation is a variable factor, and the diagnosis of the affection in its milder forms—which constitute the bulk of the epidemic—is not sufficiently easy. That a tonic of quinine or nux-vomica, prescribed by the duly qualified, is calculated to ward off a recurrence of the attack may readily be believed.

POLITICAL CENTRES OF GRAVITY.

I.—THE LIBERAL PARTY.

THOSE who have studied the workings of our two great political parties have long observed that the turn their action takes depends upon the relative strength, which varies from time to time, of the elements which compose them. As the action of the State is not uniform, but varies according to the varying strength of parties, so the movement of each party is accelerated or retarded, turned in this direction or in that, by the predominance of some one of the elements that make it up. Both Tories and Liberals have been, fortunately for the country, by no means homogeneous parties. Neither has been

composed of members of one class socially, neither has been the sole advocate of any particular industrial or economic interest. The Tories were for a long time pre-eminently the friends of agriculture, but there were always plenty of landowners among the Whigs. The Liberals demanded Free Trade on behalf of the masses employed in manufacture, but there were Tory manufacturers as well; and even Tory work-people. Each party gained in breadth, in tolerance, in sobriety, in statesman-like capacity, by this internal diversity. The more impatient men were forced to bear with and work along with the more moderate men, the more moderate men were forced to quicken their lagging steps to keep pace with the body of the party. The Liberal party did not suddenly embrace and shout for every bold scheme of change that pleased its Radical section. The Tory party did not tempt revolution by resisting, as its more heated partisans desired, reasonable and long-debated measures of reform. In each party there established itself what one may call a centre of gravity, equally removed from the extremists of advance on the one hand, and the extremists of resistance on the other, and thus the party as a whole gained stability and solidity. It was saved from committing itself rashly to new proposals; and when it moved, it moved with a deliberation which gave it moral weight, and commanded the respect of its antagonists as well as the loyalty of its adherents.

Within the last few years a notable change has passed upon each of the parties. In each the centre of gravity has shifted. The causes have been different, but the political import is likely in both cases to prove the same. It is best to begin by considering the case of the Liberals, where the phenomenon is more patent, though less profoundly significant, than it is among the Tories.

Fifty years ago the Whig party, as it was then still called, was, so far as its leaders went, almost as aristocratic a body as were the Conservatives. The great Whig houses generally guided its policy, whether in office or in Opposition, and were strongly represented in every Ministry. From 1832 onwards an increasing number of new men—at first merchants and manufacturers, then also literary men and those who would have been formerly called "adventurers"—found their way into the House of Commons, and became constantly more influential in the party. As they had given political power and religious liberty to the middle classes, the Whigs were led by their traditions to go on extending the popular element, and came more and more to lean on the support and urge the claims of the working classes. But down till 1876 the aristocratic and landholding element was extremely strong, and made itself constantly felt. Not a few of the magnates had disliked the legislation,

which we now think moderate enough, of the Cabinet and Parliament which ruled from 1868 to 1874; but though they had to be dragged along in the quickening march of reform, they preferred to be dragged rather than quit altogether that great historic body to which their family traditions attached them. The passions evoked by the Eastern and Afghan policy of Lord Beaconsfield's Ministry between 1876 and 1879, and the counter-agitation led by Mr. Gladstone, produced a secession from the Liberal ranks which seemed at first likely to ruin the party. Some leading Whig families, such as the Fitzwilliams, broke away from the main body, and were accompanied by a great many of the minor lights among the Whig squirearchy and plutocracy. The consequence was seen in the increased Radicalism of the majority in the Parliaments of 1880 and 1885—a Radicalism which various untoward events prevented the Liberal Ministries of those years from properly using—and in the fact that the good old name of Whig had already become a term of reproach with which to brand a half-hearted Liberalism. Then came the great schism of 1886. Two-thirds of the rank and wealth of the Liberal party passed into hostility to the other section, which retained nearly all the Radicalism, and, as recent elections have shown, five-sixths or more of the voting power which had belonged to the undivided party. Thus the centre of gravity, hitherto maintained by the equipoise of landowners and capitalists on the one side, and the Radicalism of the middle and humbler classes on the other, was shifted. The Radical element, already somewhat the heavier, now preponderates decisively. There is still a centre, as there must be in every party, but it is composed of persons different from those who formed the centre of five years ago, and is of a more advanced colour. The centre men of 1885 are now gone over to the Tories or Dissentients, or have come to form the extreme right of the present Liberal party. Probably three-fourths of those who constitute the Liberal minority in Parliament now would have been deemed extreme men in 1880, and nearly half vote now for proposals which only some six or seven would in that year have supported. Nor has the withdrawal of the bulk of the rich and more conservative men affected merely the numerical proportions of the various sections of the Liberal party. It has made many strong but temperate Radicals feel that views they had not previously cared to press, because the prospect of giving effect to them seemed remote, have now become practical. It has withdrawn a restraint under which the more eager spirits had chafed—that of respecting the opinions and retaining the adhesion of those who helped the party by their influence and their subscriptions. Most of these men

have now gone; and the few who remain are too few to act as a drag on the wheel.

The benefits or evils to be expected from this shifting of the centre of party gravity—perhaps the greatest that has been seen in this century—will be differently estimated by Liberals according to their individual political proclivities. Moderate or timid men will regret it, because it weakens their own position, because it removes what they consider the ballast of the ship, so that she will in future be swifter perhaps, but also less stable, less capable of holding a steady course. Zealous reformers welcome it, because it enables them to secure the acceptance of their programme by the party as a whole, and seems to ensure the triumph of that programme as soon as a general election brings the party back to power. Yet even a zealous reformer, if he looks beyond the immediate future to the ultimate unity, vigour, and authority of the Liberal party, will admit that the party has lost something, though nothing which it cannot make up for. It has lost certain elements of political power, viz., wealth, local influence, some administrative and parliamentary talent. In all these respects, Lord Hartington alone is a loss—not that he is himself a man of exceptional gifts, but that England being what it is, he unites certain attributes which count for much in England. On the other hand, by the secession of its less advanced men, the party has gained in clearness and singleness of aim. It will march with a firmer and bolder step, it will be less troubled by internal discord, less retarded by the necessity of waiting for laggard members. And even the losses, such as they are, may be retrieved by a prudent, dignified, and conscientious policy. What has been lost materially, may be recovered morally. Every party in opposition is exposed to the temptation of conciliating the most eager spirits within its own body by inserting in its platform every plank they thrust upon it, and of courting support from sections outside its body by smiling on their schemes, however impracticable. In resisting these temptations the Liberal party will not only support its reputation but will escape the danger of alienating its own more cautious members or of repelling that large body of undecided opinion in the country which is apt to turn against the Government in power. The risk of losing a few votes here and there from small extremist groups is a trifling one. At present the party has practically all the democrats of the country behind it, except one section—that commonly called the Social Democrats—whose voting strength is not considerable, and whose leaders, with creditable honesty, announce that they dislike the Radicals even more than the Tories, and will only use them for their own purposes. The measures which this section advocates deserve, like all other proposals, to be considered on their respective merits, and not to be summarily dismissed by the

epithet "Socialist," or by any other "question-begging appellative." But to coquet with the so-called Socialist programme as a whole, for the sake of getting the votes this section may, in some constituencies, influence, would frighten away far more support from other quarters than the section has to give. Those matters on which the Liberal party as a whole is now agreed are amply sufficient to make an election programme, and to occupy the whole time of the next House of Commons for at least three sessions. They include, besides the question of a purged or reconstructed Second Chamber, the amendment of the registration system, and abolition of plural voting; the reform of local and possibly also of Imperial taxation as levied on land and houses (including the taxation of ground values); the simplification of land tenure and transfer; the improvement of the dwellings of the poor by better sanitary legislation; the re-settlement of the liquor and licensing laws; the creation of parish or village councils, and amendment in a popular sense of the County Government Acts lately passed for England and Scotland; the disestablishment of the Churches now established in Scotland and Wales; and the framing of a system of Home Rule for Ireland. Here is a programme upon which the Liberal party is virtually agreed, and which its whole strength will be needed to work out. It is all upon the accepted lines of Liberal policy, so that in advocating it the party cannot be charged with any vote-catching or pandering to the demands of any one class. Of the other proposals which it is asked to accept, some may be equally sound, and likely to be equally cordially accepted before all of those just mentioned have been carried. But they are not, in the general judgment of the party, equally urgent. They have not been subjected to an equally full discussion. By concentrating its efforts on the work that lies nearest to it, and on which leaders and followers are already agreed, a party avoids the danger of being forced, when it regains office, either to evade its promises made in opposition, or to run ahead of public opinion—that is, of the sentiment of the electors as it will be declared at the general election following. The present clear duty as well as the sound policy of the Liberal party is not to add new planks to its greatly widened, broad platform, but to consider how best to shape and carry the proposals to which it stands already pledged.

It is sometimes said that the forward movement in the party here discussed is due not so much to the recent secession of the Hartingtonians as to the general temper of the times and the swing towards democracy which has resulted from the extension of the franchise. The Irish question would thus seem to be rather the occasion than the cause of a schism which must in any case have arrived, and of which there

had been many premonitory symptoms. There is obviously some truth in this, though among the seceders there are many who would gladly have adopted the present Liberal programme. It is, however, more material to observe that those to whom Home Rule was rather the occasion than the cause of a departure from the party ranks, those who dislike and would resist the growing forces of Radicalism, have committed a tactical error. Their honesty no one will impeach. But the Dissentient Liberals, among whom so much of the solid Conservatism of the country is now to be found, would certainly have better served their own purpose of arresting radical legislation if by remaining in their old party they had preserved its equilibrium. They held it back in 1885 from accepting the "unauthorised programme." It has now in several points, especially as regards Disestablishment in Wales and Scotland, advanced beyond that programme. They have not realised the consequences of this advance, because they are, for the moment, masters of the situation in the House of Commons—a House of Commons, whose so-called "mandate" is exhausted, and from which little further legislation need be expected. But the policy of the next few years is now being determined on popular platforms, and the seed sown in the country will ripen in coming Parliaments. In the next Parliament, the Liberal secession will probably have as little influence over Tories as over Liberals. Its Conservative doctrines are likely to be no more respected or defended by Tories than by Liberals, for in the Tory party also the centre of gravity has shifted. But this is a matter to be reserved for another article.

LORD DUNRAVEN AND THE EIGHT HOURS BILL.

* * * Whilst we gladly give insertion to the opinions of so able a critic as Mr. Webb, our readers will understand that we have no editorial responsibility for them.

LORD DUNRAVEN has not waited very long before following up the *ballon d'essai* on the Eight Hours Bill which he sent up last month by the hands of Lord Randolph Churchill. The popular reception of the proposal was evidently found to be favourable, and accordingly we have him, at the Liverpool Conservative Club, deliberately giving in his adhesion to the policy of limiting the maximum hours of labour, and naturally expressing, as a Unionist ex-Minister, a decided preference for limitation by "Law and Order," over limitation by the Trades' Union, the Strike, and the Picket. Nor can this declaration be regarded as a mere *escapade* of Tory democracy. As Chairman of the Royal Commission on the Sweating System, Lord Dunraven has had the opportunity of ascertaining with certainty the extent to which the evil of

excessive hours of toil prevails in the industries as yet free from the beneficent protection of factory legislation. It will be his task, as soon as Parliament reassembles, to propose to his Royal Commission the draft report of its labours, and in this draft report proposals for industrial legislation of a sweeping character can hardly fail to be formulated.

Lord Dunraven's zeal for social reform is well known, and his words, moreover, have an almost painful ring of unmistakable conviction. But no injustice will probably be done, either to him or to Lord Randolph Churchill, in counting them as not altogether oblivious of the value of the "Labour Vote" now hanging suspiciously aloof from both parties. A seeming countenance is given to the device by the popular impression that the Liberal Party is opposed to the whole policy of the Factory Acts.

But this move in the game of Tory Democracy comes a little late. The Liberal Party is in no way pledged, if indeed it ever was, to a blind adhesion to *laissez faire*. Mr. John Morley is as typical a Liberal as could be found in a day's march, and Mr. John Morley has long since told the world his opinion. In his "Life of Cobden"—and I quote the passage because he himself drew my attention to it lately, in connection with this very question—he goes to the very root of the matter by declaring that "the answer of modern statesmanship is that unfettered individual competition is not a principle to which the regulation of industry may be entrusted." Fifteen months ago, the National Liberal Federation pledged itself at Birmingham to that thorough extension of the Factory Acts which Lord Dunraven's draft report will no doubt recommend. But before that draft report is adopted, he will have to persuade Lord Derby to agree to any widening of the sphere of those existing legal limitations on even adult male labour, which Mr. Mundella testifies to have worked so beneficently in Lancashire. Last November, the assembled delegates of all the London Liberal Associations passed an "Eight hours resolution" by an overwhelming majority, and only the other day, Mr. Arnold Morley, M.P., the Liberal "Whip," was publicly declaring the conditions upon which he was ready to support an "Eight Hours Bill" for miners. Tory democracy can evidently gain no party advantage in this matter. The sixty-fourth Factory Bill will in due course come to a division, and there will no doubt be by a small minority a "final rally on the narrow ledge" of the explicit recognition of the principle of legally limiting the hours of adult male workers. But, as Mr. Morley indicated at the Eighty Club, the question will be left an open one on both sides of the House, and we may accordingly witness the unaccustomed spectacle of Professor Stuart and Lord Randolph Churchill "telling" against Mr. Labouchere

and Sir Lyon Playfair. The ultimate issue, as every politician knows, is no longer one of principle, but merely awaits an adequate and unmistakable expression of opinion from the industrial constituencies.

Lord Dunraven's references to the economic results of the shortening of hours are in marked contrast with those of Sir Lyon Playfair. Lord Dunraven is convinced that the working day could be shortened without reducing wages, and that the main result would be to increase the share of the labourer at the expense of the capitalist. Sir Lyon Playfair, on the other hand, believes that it would imply a wider distribution of the same fixed aggregate of wages, and, therefore, result merely in feeding more mouths at starvation wages. Which view is the correct one? The manufacturers show by their alarm, even where they work in continuous shifts, that they agree with Lord Dunraven. The coal-hewers, pressing almost unanimously for an eight hours day, clearly agree with the coal-owners on this point, if on no other. By a happy coincidence, some recent evidence is afforded by a consular report, honoured by quotation in the current number of Mr. Robert Giffen's official *Board of Trade Journal*, upon the working of factory legislation in Austria. Recent legislative shortening of the hours of labour is stated to have succeeded admirably, wages having in some cases risen, in others remained stationary, and nowhere do they seem to have fallen. Sir Lyon Playfair's economics are, indeed, in spite of his curiously half-hearted disclaimer, obviously based upon the "wages fund theory," which, as he timidly says, "is no longer 'in favour.'" It has, indeed, long since been abandoned by every economic professor in the three kingdoms, and it must have been simply by inadvertence that so eminent an economist as Sir Lyon Playfair relied on it. He actually assumes still, in these days of Marshall and Sidgwick, that no permanent reduction can possibly be made from the capitalist's profits, and that no strengthening of the "labour market" can increase the aggregate sum paid as wages. It would be interesting to hear on this point the actual experience of those gas directors who have accepted the "eight hours day," or the anticipations of the railway and tramway managers. Men of business are not usually good political economists, but Sir Lyon Playfair has even the men of business against him, for they avowedly expect to have to pay more in wages all round, to be unable to recoup themselves adequately in prices, and to suffer, though not to the extent usually imagined, in interest and dividends. As to the judgment of political economy, it will suffice to ask Sir Lyon Playfair if he can find any one competent political economist to agree in his view.

It must have been without reference to his authorities, too, that Sir Lyon Playfair asserted that foreign countries had hitherto not followed our example in labour movements. Almost every European country west of Russia has imitated us in Factory

Legislation, with the exception of Belgium, and Belgium is preparing to do so. It is true that we made earlier than they did our repentance of the wickedness and folly of leaving industrial matters to "unfettered individual competition," and the working of what Sir Lyon Playfair calls "the natural laws of evolution." Owing to this fortunate start of ours, other countries have usually not yet caught us up. But the gap is closing fast. New restrictions are actually passing into law this very year in Austria, France, Belgium, and Pennsylvania. In some respects, indeed, foreign legislation is in advance of our own. We have, for instance, lost the lead in regulation of children's labour, and the minimum age for entering the factory is higher in France and Switzerland, not to mention Victoria and Canada, than in England. Moreover, the invitation of the Swiss Government to a Congress on International Factory Legislation will be renewed this year, and we may be quite sure that Lord Salisbury will not again commit the tactical blunder of snubbing it. But no political economist remembering his "Law of International Values" would fear for our export trade on any of the grounds which distress Sir Lyon Playfair.

In truth, Sir Lyon Playfair does himself injustice in posing as having economic objections to an Eight Hours Bill. His speech last month at Leeds expressed his deep sympathy with the movement in favour of shorter hours of labour, if brought about otherwise than by law. But the economic effects of shorter hours will be the same, whether they are caused by combination of the workers as Trades Unionists or as Parliamentary Electors. Production will be no greater in an Eight Hours Day ordained by a Trades Committee than in one ordained by the House of Commons. Wages will be equally affected whether the terrible "last hour," immortalised by Senior and Marx, is struck off by law or by public opinion.

The solid ground of objection to a reasonable and practicable Eight Hours Bill (and no one need trouble to follow Sir Lyon Playfair in his excellent arguments against anything so absurd as a rigidly uniform limit imposed on all industries alike) lies, not in the field of economics, but in that of jurisprudence. There is, for instance, the constant objection to any addition to the terrible tale of social rules by which we are free. There is always the doubt whether the law would work. The unforeseen indirect effects of any social change must be considered. It is these arguments, not ill-considered economic objections, that deserve to be pressed. But these arguments—although weighty—are admittedly not absolutely decisive. If a large majority of the workers in any particular industry demand the protection of law; if it is shown that without such protection they are, as a matter of fact, unable to secure an adequate reduction of their hours of labour; if they are prepared, after full discussion, to run whatever economic risk to themselves may be involved in their proposal; and if their excessive toil is obviously injurious to social welfare—surely it would be the merest fanatical pedantry to declare that under no circumstances can their demand be complied with. The reasonable advocates of an Eight Hours Bill urge no weaker case and claim no more indulgent hearing.

SIDNEY WEBB.

BRITISH POETRY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THE simultaneous emission, by two men holding the several positions of Lord Tennyson and Mr. Browning, when eighty and seventy-eight years old respectively, of new volumes of poetry, is an event which has been touched with pathos by the short illness and unexpected death of the younger of the two poets. In the mere matter of vitality, it tells much for the individuals, something perhaps also for the English race.

"Multa viri virtus animo, multusque recursat
Gentis honos." ¹

Though the memory of Goethe is still fresh in retrospect, yet the retention of poetic fire and vigour, after an unwearying exercise of the gift for sixty years, is an event extremely rare. In some measure it marks an epoch. Let us then cry halt for the moment, and comment on the position of this country with reference to its poetry during the century, of which the shadows are now lengthening so fast. It seems to be such as to merit a careful survey, of which these necessarily brief remarks may serve at least to suggest an outline. If the office of the poet be the most creative of all human functions, then it is also, I apprehend, the surest witness to the actual vigour of the national life, and its general promise for the future.

In the first place we have to record, distinctly and beyond question, a great poetic age. Before the century was thirty years old, it had added six names, the greatness of which may now be taken as established by a sufficiency of consent, to the poetry of Britain, and also of the world. It will at once be understood that the reference is to Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, Byron, Shelley, Keats. In presenting these names, we drop others very far from inconsiderable, such as Southey, Moore, Campbell, and a goodly company in their train. It would be hard, among the six, to adjudge the primacy. The contest would principally lie between Wordsworth, Shelley, and Byron. If Continental opinion were to prevail, Byron would bear the palm. But apart from this question of preference, on the whole it seems indubitable, that in this first fraction of the century a great poetic age had been constituted.

Now this is of itself a remarkable fact, when we consider that English poetry dates from Chaucer its early manhood. Even its beginnings were flushed with the coming glory, as those may see who will consult the charming volume of "Poems from the Dawn of British Literature" published in 1863. But from Chaucer's day we measure over four and a half centuries. That is a long term for the poetic bloom of a nation. It is perhaps without a parallel in the history of man, for it has been upon the whole a

¹ Æn. iv. 3.

continuous life, though with ascending and descending elevation. If we exclude Homer, who was severed by an unbridged gulf of centuries from the classic period, Greece herself, beginning in the seventh century B.C., does not match it. Rome still less. Of the great modern literatures, that of Germany has thus far been the shortest, for it may be said to lie within the years embraced by the life of Goethe. I do not reckon Heinrich Heine, who can scarcely be associated with the national life of his country, and of whom, on his demise, Thiers is reported to have said that "the wittiest Frenchman of his generation was dead." Italy is a more formidable competitor; for setting out with Guido Cavalcanti and other predecessors of Dante, she has had an undoubted resurrection in the age which has given birth to the genius of Manzoni and of Leopardi. Yet this was a resurrection. There had been before this century an intermission of poetry of a high order for nearly two centuries; and upon the whole this country may perhaps without vain-glory challenge the world for the marvellously sustained vitality of its poetic genius.

It would indeed be perilous to attempt stating with particularity the extent to which the last sixty years have added to the great and durable performances of the preceding thirty. But manifestly it has been an immense addition. The state of contemporary judgment on the whole does not leave any doubt that for this period of history Lord Tennyson heads the band of the Immortals. And that illustrious man will bequeath to us at least one lesson which the very last and least of us may learn, in the loyalty, constancy, and intensity of his devotion to his calling. Probably no English poet, except it be Wordsworth, has paid so intense and absorbing a devotion to his muse.

Pressing round or upon him, or walking in the same path, we have had many true poets, some of extraordinary and many of very considerable powers. Among those claiming the first of these descriptions I have mentioned Mr. Browning; and the merest justice requires me to add at least the name of Mr. Swinburne. Beyond this, it would be vain in a paper like this either further to enumerate or to classify, or to refer particularly to those legions of the middling and the bad, who constitute, as it were, the camp-followers of the genuine poetic army. I pass on to some points deserving notice, and capable of being briefly handled.

And first, remarkable additions have been made to the train of Sappho. In my youth, much was thought of the pure and gentle strains of Mrs. Hemans. But stars are blotted out by suns: and she is as a thing of the past. The same observation may apply in its degree to the Tragedies of Joanna Baillie. Of the poetesses of the last fifty years, I shall venture to name a

certain number, placing Mrs. Browning at the head of them.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING,
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI,
ADELAIDE PROCTER,
JEAN INGELow,
EMILY BRONTË,
LADY C. ELLIOT,
MISS NADEN,

and finally, the anonymous

"V." (MRS. ARCHER CLIVE).

This list of eight, which does not include Mrs. Alexander, or Lady Nairne, or George Eliot—whose light in verse, however, is but a lunar light—or others who might be named, is by no means exhaustive. As the four last names have not perhaps attained all the celebrity which is their due, I will refer to single specimens of power which seem to me to establish their several claims to high distinction.

Lady Charlotte Elliot was cut off by an early death. Her poems, which I have only known in a single volume, are as beautiful as they are Christian. I will refer to but one among them, "Rosebud and Ragweed."

Of Miss Naden—the sad news of whose death reaches us as these lines are going to press—I will only cite "The Pantheist's Song of Immortality," a short but singularly powerful production. In the case of Miss Emily Brontë, I will name "Remembrance." Lastly, the poems by "V." form a small book which has the life and soul of a great book. To be as good as my word, I will name only "The Queen's Ball."

Upon the whole it may perhaps be allowable to say not only that the British poetesses of the last sixty years have developed in numerous instances splendid powers, but even that they are as a whole without a parallel in literary history.

I come next to the company, not a small one, which I shall term that of blighted or unacknowledged poets. *Proxima deinde tenent mæsti loca*. They are men who have produced works of real truth and power, but have never earned fame, or even struggled into notice. To name them, under this description, would not be to render them the honour they deserve. With most of them the fountain has been choked, or has been frozen by cold obstruction, and has ceased to flow. In many, perhaps most, cases the sale of their works has not paid for the printing. We really seem to be in the condition well known in the market of manufactured goods: the supply exceeds the demand. Much, which ought to be remembered, is in danger of being forgotten. Where this is the case, the true and permanent remedy ought to be found not in the contraction of the supply, but in the enlargement of the demand.

Lastly, I have to introduce for a moment on the stage the body of clergy-poets. Their poetry is largely religious; and they have done enough to vindicate the poetry

of devotion even against Dr. Johnson, if it was really his intention to proscribe it. But this character is very far indeed from being exclusive in their works.

In the first portion of this century, I conceive that Crabbe, Heber, Milman, and Wolfe, the author of the dirge on Sir John Moore, made good their title as poets, if not as great poets. Behind them stood Cary (the translator of Dante), Colton, and Bowles, on whom we need not dwell. During the sixty years with which I have mainly dealt, higher and wider claims have been established. Wider, for I believe that we might name nearly thirty clergymen of the nineteenth century, belonging to the English nation, who have been not mere verse-writers, but poets great or small. I hope it will not be denied that the author of the "Dream of Gerontius" (now nearing its thirtieth edition) is a great poet. In the line of religious poetry, I will only here further mention Keble and Faber; the latter, however, principally for his most remarkable production which is not devotional, "The Old Labourer." Tennyson Turner, Charles Kingsley, Hawker, Barnes, and Griffiths (the author of "Short Poems and In Memoriam—1869"), show the clergy to be strong in the non-clerical domain. Bishop Alexander has his rightful place there: and the late Lord Houghton said laughingly of his friend Archbishop Trench that "the unregenerate poems were the best." I think the claim of the fourteen persons I have named cannot well be disputed. Many others might be added. So far as I know, no such *corps* of clergy-poets can be shown by any age or country. If this be so, and if what I have said of the poetic office be true, we seem to have here a striking proof that the clergy as a whole have been in close harmony with the nation, and have for their numbers largely partaken in the very innermost of its life.

And so farewell to the departing age of poetry. We cannot with reason hope that such a level will be continuously sustained. Nature must have rest. But hope we may, and not unreasonably, that the retiring sun will "trick his beams" and yet again

"Flame in the forehead of the morning sky."

W. E. GLADSTONE.

OUR readers will be interested in seeing the poems to which Mr. Gladstone specially refers, and we therefore reprint them here as fully as the limits of our space permit:—

"REMEMBRANCE." By EMILY BRONTË. From "Poems by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell." London: Aylott & Jones, 8, Paternoster Row. 1846.

Cold in the earth—and the deep snow piled above thee,
Far, far removed, cold in the dreary grave!
Have I forgot, my only Love, to love thee,
Severed at last by Time's all-severing wave?

Now, when alone, do my thoughts no longer hover
Over the mountains, on that northern shore,
Resting their wings where heath and fern-leaves cover
Thy noble heart for ever, ever more?

Cold in the earth—and fifteen wild Decembers,
From those brown hills, have melted into spring:
Faithful, indeed, is the spirit that remembers
After such years of change and suffering!
Sweet Love of youth, forgive, if I forget thee,
While the world's tide is bearing me along;
Other desires and other hopes beset me,
Hopes which obscure, but cannot do thee wrong!
No later light has lightened up my heaven,
No second morn has ever shone for me;
All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given,
All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee.
But, when the days of golden dreams had perished,
And even Despair was powerless to destroy;
Then did I learn how existence could be cherished,
Strengthened, and fed without the aid of joy.
Then did I check the tears of useless passion—
Weaned my young soul from yearning after thine;
Sternly denied its burning wish to hasten
Down to that tomb already more than mine.
And, even yet, I dare not let it languish,
Dare not indulge in memory's rapturous pain;
Once drinking deep of that divinest anguish,
How could I seek the empty world again?

"THE PANTHEIST'S SONG OF IMMORTALITY." From "Songs and Sonnets of Springtime." By CONSTANCE C. W. NADEN. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1881.

Bring snow-white lilies, pallid heart-flushed roses,
Enwreath the brow with heavy-scented flowers;
In soft undreaming sleep her head reposes,
While, unregretted, pass the sunlit hours.
Few sorrows did she know—and all are over;
A thousand joys—but they are all forgot;
Her life was one fair dream of friend and lover;
And were they false—ah, well, she knows it not.
Look in her face, and lose thy dread of dying,
Weep not, that rest will come, that toil will cease;
Is it not well, to lie as she is lying,
In utter silence, and in perfect peace?
Canst thou repine, that sentient days are numbered?
Death is unconscious Life, that waits for birth;
So didst thou live, while yet thine embryo slumbered,
Senseless, unbreathing, e'en as heaven and earth.
Then shrink no more from Death, though Life be g'adness,
Nor seek him, restless in thy lonely pain.
The law of joy ordains each hour of sadness,
And firm or frail, thou canst not live in vain.
What though thy name by no sad lips be spoken,
And no fond heart shall keep thy memory green?
Thou yet shalt leave thine own enduring token,
For earth is not as though thou ne'er hadst been.
Ah, wherefore weep, although the form and fashion
Of what thou seemest fades like sunset flame?
The uncreated Source of toil and passion,
Through everlasting change abides the same.
Yes, thou shalt die: but these almighty forces,
That meet to form thee, live for evermore;
They hold the suns in their eternal courses,
And shape the tiny sand-grains on the shore.
Be calmly glad, thine own true kindred seeing
In fire and storm, in flowers with dew impregnated;
Rejoice in thine imperishable being,
One with the Essence of the boundless world.

"ROSEBUD AND RAGWEED." From "Medusa and other Poems." By LADY CHARLOTTE ELLIOT. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co., 1878.

This poem is too long for quotation. It consists of sixty-five stanzas, and tells of the meeting between two children, one the child of a wealthy patrician living in a castle near a manufacturing town, and the other a daughter of the people. Rosebud had wandered from the care of her nurse, plucking flowers in the park around her home.

Soon, tired with fruitless toil
She flung away her spoil,
And, looking up, she started with surprise,
For lo! another child,
Ragged, unkempt, and wild,
Stood watching her with keen and curious eyes.
A little child, and thin,
With yellow, sickly skin,
So pinched and wan, her age were hard to guess
Through her torn petticoat
The searching sunbeams smote
Frail, puny limbs, unwashed and stockingless.
The children gazed and gazed
With shining eyes amazed,
Eyes bold and black, eyes innocent and blue;
All unabashed they seek,
As plain as eyes can speak
An answer to the question, Who are you?

Then Rosalind, with eyes
Still widened by surprise, [home?]
Said, "Tell what is your name, and where your
And, now no more afraid,
The other answer made,
"My name is Nell, and from the town I come."